The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

SUMMER, 1956

man with a hat

a letter from a Sioux Indian—his signature is to the right

Distinction was a beautifully
simple matter to the Indian. Whenever
he drew or carved the early white man,
the trader, he showed a man with a hat.
All others went hatless.
Perhaps there is no greatness in being distinguished
only because you wore a hat. But we owe much
to this gentleman. Where he ventured,
others followed, built homes and raised families.
Our cities and towns now stand
where once he pitched his camps.
His were far from easy days yet he is pictured
and remembered, not for his cunning
or prowess at arms, but peacefully for what he was
. . . a trader, the "man with a hat."

Hudson's Bay Company.

INCORPORATED 2ND MAY 1670

Carving from B.C. Govt.

SUMMER 1956
OUTFIT 287
TWO DOLLARS A YEAR

The Beaver

MAGAZINE OF THE NORTH

Clifford Wilson, Editor

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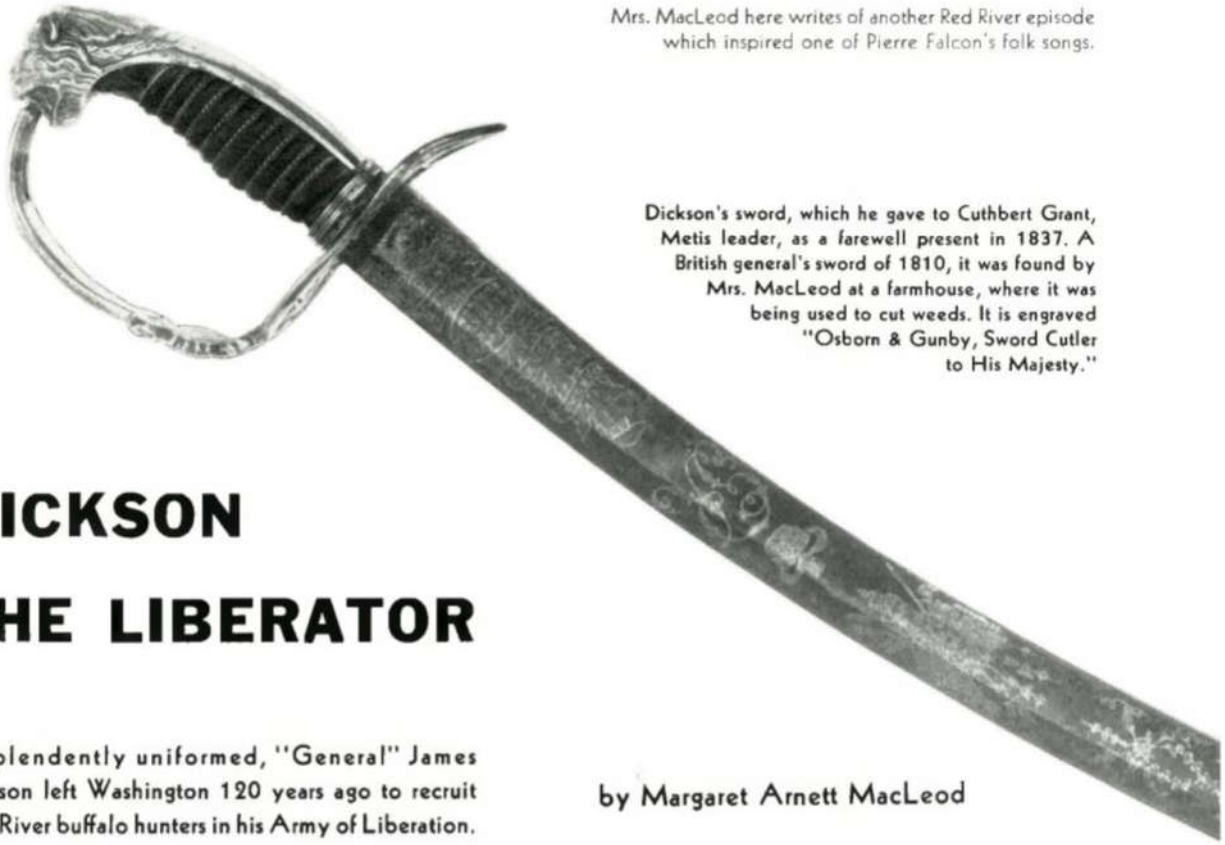
HUDSON'S BAY HOUSE
WINNIPEG 1, CANADA

Mrs. MacLeod here writes of another Red River episode which inspired one of Pierre Falcon's folk songs.



Dickson's sword, which he gave to Cuthbert Grant, Metis leader, as a farewell present in 1837. A British general's sword of 1810, it was found by Mrs. MacLeod at a farmhouse, where it was being used to cut weeds. It is engraved "Osborn & Gunby, Sword Cutler to His Majesty."

DICKSON THE LIBERATOR

Resplendently uniformed, "General" James Dickson left Washington 120 years ago to recruit Red River buffalo hunters in his Army of Liberation.

by Margaret Arnett MacLeod

ONE of the most intriguing episodes in the history of the Canadian West was the "invasion" attempted by James Dickson, self-styled "Liberator of the Indian Nations," a picturesque character who might have stepped straight out of the pages of Gilbert and Sullivan. It was an incident of considerable importance to the infant settlement at Red River (which has grown into the city of Winnipeg), yet although the Minnesota historian, Grace Lee Nute, has written three published articles about it, it has not been dealt with up to this point by one Manitoba writer.

Eighteen miles west of Fort Garry, on the north bank of the Assiniboine River, was a settlement of Métis buffalo hunters. In 1824, Governor George Simpson of the Hudson's Bay Company had realised the need of the Red River Settlement for some protection against the Sioux Indians, and also for a more settled food supply. Buffalo meat was the only staple food the country offered, so Simpson decided to meet both of these needs by settling the Métis on the White Horse Plain to the west.

Cuthbert Grant as leader of the half-breeds was selected by Simpson to found the settlement. Each man was given a strip farm going down to the river, as in French Canada, and among those whom Grant placed near himself was his son-in-law, Pierre Falcon, the composer and singer of ballads. The leader of the Métis named his settlement Grantown, no doubt with long thoughts of Grantown-on-the-Spey which he knew in Scotland. The village today is called St. Francois Xavier, and it has changed little in size or pattern.

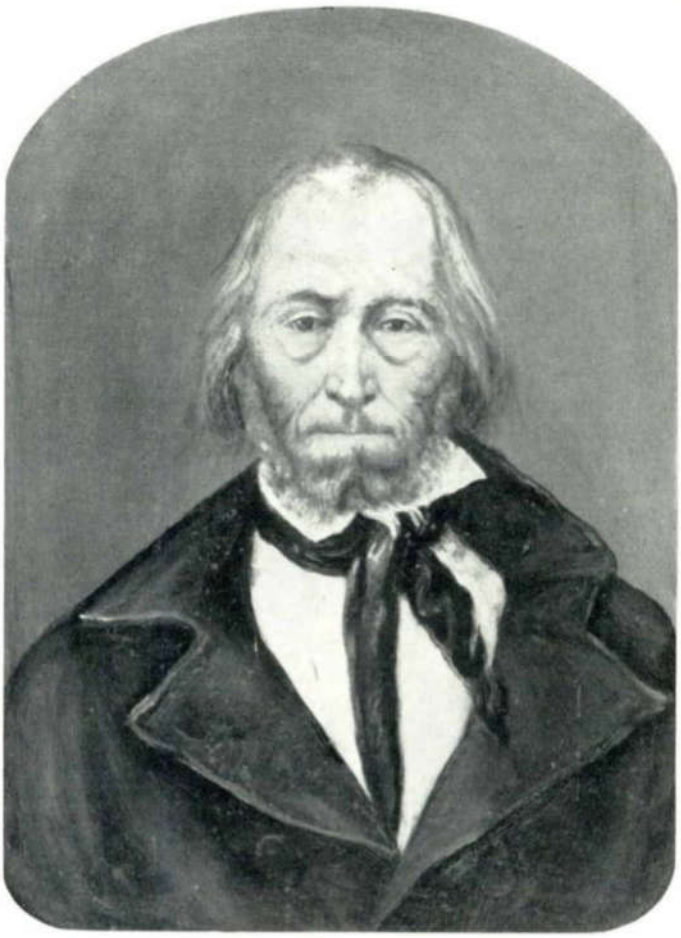
The fame of its redoubtable hunters and warriors must have spread far and wide, for in 1837 Dickson arrived there from Washington and New York, hoping to recruit them as soldiers in his army of liberation. His ambitious plan was to march from Red River to Sante Fe, "free" the Indians there, and found a kingdom in California of which he was to be the head.

He had introduced himself in Washington and New York as "General" James Dickson, and said he had lived for several years in Mexico. He also called himself Montezuma

II, Liberator of the Indian Nations. He caused quite a stir as he proceeded to recruit the officers for his army. He had all the stage trappings; fine English tailoring executed with imagination, plenty of gold lace and gold braid, a handsome sabre-scarred face with beard and moustache. He wore small arms and a British general's gold-inlaid sword. Dickson also had in his extensive military luggage a coat of mail for which he never found a use. He was well-bred, a convincing talker, and had command of money. His officers and aides whom he recruited were lavishly equipped, and some carried with them extra beards and moustaches. The major of artillery wore silver epaulets, gold lace on his chest, and silver lace down the sides of his "pantaloons."

His preparatory organization complete, he proceeded to Montreal where he recruited, as additional officers, some half-breed sons of Hudson's Bay Company officials who he felt would be useful in Red River when mobilizing his Métis soldiers.

In August, 1836, Dickson with his officers and attendants, numbering in all about sixty, embarked at Buffalo in a chartered vessel. They planned to traverse the Great Lakes on their way to recruit the soldiers of the liberating army at Red River, and thence proceed to Sante Fe—a trek of 5,000 miles or so.



Pierre Falcon, the prairie bard. From a painting on wood by H. Tauffenbach, probably done from a photo, seven years after his death in 1876. The original was obtained from Mme. M. Pelland.

Before they reached Sault Ste. Marie the party was shipwrecked. On arriving there, they were arrested on a trivial charge (the sailors had stolen a cow) so that American authorities could investigate the party. The Liberator had been talking too freely of his plans. Finally released, a much diminished army proceeded to a certain point on the Mississippi. They arrived there in boats and canoes, having lived on barrels of sour apples procured on the way. Dr. Nute notes the expedition as the only filibuster that ever entered Minnesota.

Meanwhile Governor Simpson was travelling east from Red River. He was in Detroit when he learned of this newest threat to the settlement which he had nursed through so many vicissitudes. There he was startled by a newspaper account headed "Pirates on the Lakes," which gave a highly coloured version of the incident at the Sault, and of the invaders bound for Red River. The thing had ugly possibilities. Without the Métis of White Horse Plain the settlement could not survive. It might even be wiped out, or added to the Liberator's empire. An ominous note was that Dickson's "Secretary of War" was a son of the Hudson's Bay Company's dire enemy, Kenneth McKenzie, called the Emperor of the American Fur Trade. Simpson acted quickly to avert disaster. He sent off dispatches to Company headquarters in London, and to the War Office, and instructions to Governor Christie of Red River.

When winter descended, Dickson with his party still further reduced started off by dog-sled and on foot for Red River, and the frozen prairies took their toll. Guides deserted, men wandered and perished, and the remnants became separated. Finally, in December, 1836, four months after starting off from Buffalo, the survivors (Dickson and eleven officers) straggled into the Red River settlement in a pitiable state.

Simpson's plans to defeat the invaders, though supremely simple, were an example of his superb strategy. The Hudson's Bay Company on his orders refused to honour Dickson's drafts, and no army could be raised. Red River was saved. Also under Simpson's orders, the Hudson's Bay Company absorbed some of Dickson's half-breed officers by offering them good positions. The others dispersed and Dickson, a defeated, deserted and deflated man, was stranded in Red River for the rest of the winter. Thus rendered harmless, he cut a gay figure in the settlement; for evidently, in spite of the difficulties of the journey, Dickson managed to bring considerable equipment with him. Rev. G. H. Gunn's mother used to tell of the various and resplendent uniforms in which he appeared. He spent much time with Cuthbert Grant at White Horse Plain, and when spring came Grant outfitted him and gave him guides to start south to Santa Fe.

In character to the end, Dickson staged his last scene at Red River with care. On that spring day in 1837, guides, horses, drivers and carts, were waiting beside the church at Grantown for him to begin his journey, and a crowd gathered to say good-bye. He made a last laudatory speech of thanks to Cuthbert Grant. Then he removed his ornate military hat, bowed ceremoniously to him and—according to family tradition—said: "You are the great soldier and leader; I am a failure. These belong to you, not to me." In grandiose manner he removed his epaulets, fastened them on Grant's shoulders, handed him his sword, mounted, and rode away. Thus ended the great invasion.

For many years Dickson's sword had an honoured place in Cuthbert Grant's home; and the epaulets were valued ornaments on the altar of the church at White Horse Plain.

To record the music of the Falcon folk songs—including those published in the last "Beaver"—Mrs. MacLeod asked Henry Caron, organist at St. Mary's Cathedral, Winnipeg, to visit Falcon's granddaughters. Here, after they have sung them, he adds some finishing touches to the scores, one of which appears opposite. L. to R.: Mesdames L. Mainville, M. Pelland, and E. Daneault.

Unfortunately they were destroyed by fire. The sword is now a valued possession in my home. I first saw it in a farmhouse to which it had been removed from Grant's home a generation after his death. It was lying on the kitchen table having been borrowed to cut weeds by the roadside and had just been returned. Later, it was identified for me by the Master of Arms at the Tower of London as a British general's sword issued in 1810.

The final scene in this drama, where Dickson bids a sad farewell to the Métis, seemed to Pierre Falcon a fit subject for a folk-song. A characteristic of his songs is their spontaneity, for they seemed to take shape in his mind under the enthusiasm of the moment. On this occasion one can imagine him leaving the group around the church, mounting his horse, starting for home, and composing his verses to the rhythm of his horse's hoofbeats.

Le général Dickson

C'est à la Ri. vière Rou-ge Nou - velles sont ar- ri - vées C'est
à la Ri. vière Rouge Nou - velles sont ar- ri - vées Un
gé- né- ral d'ar- mée Qui vient pour en- ga - ger

C'est à la Rivière-Rouge, } bis
Nouvelles sont arrivées,
Un général d'armée
Qui vient pour engager.

Il vient pour engager } bis
Beaucoup de Bois-Brûlés,
Il vient pour engager
Et n'a point d'quoi payer.

Dit qu'il veut emmener } bis
Beaucoup de Bois-Brûlés.
Ils sont en renommée
Pour de braves guerriers.

Vous, Monsieur Cuthbert Grant, } bis
Maitre de régiment,
Mes épaulettes d'argent
Je vous en fais présent.

Moi, Général Dickson, } bis
Je cherche ma couronne
Je cherche ma couronne
Chez Messieurs les Espagnols.

Ville de Mexico } bis
Beaucoup de Généraux
Aussi des canonniers
Qui vont vous couronner.

Adieu, mes officiers, } bis
Vous m'avez tous laissé
On marqu'ra sur la le papier
Dickson, pauvre guerrier.

Bourgeois de compagnie } bis
Je dois vous remercier
De me faire ramener
Au fort de Mackenzie.

Je dois vous remercier } bis
Puisque avec vos deniers
J'ai pu me faire guider
Par deux des Bois-Brûlés.

Qui en a fait la chanson? } bis
Un poète de canton:
Au bout de la chanson,
Nous vous le nommerons.

Un jour étant à table } bis
A boire et à chanter
A chanter tout au long
La nouvelle chanson.

Amis, buvons, trinquons, } bis
Saluons la chanson
De Pierre Falcon,
Le faiseur de chansons.

BEARS FOR MILWAUKEE

The tale of an expedition that went north to get four polar bears for the Milwaukee Public Museum.

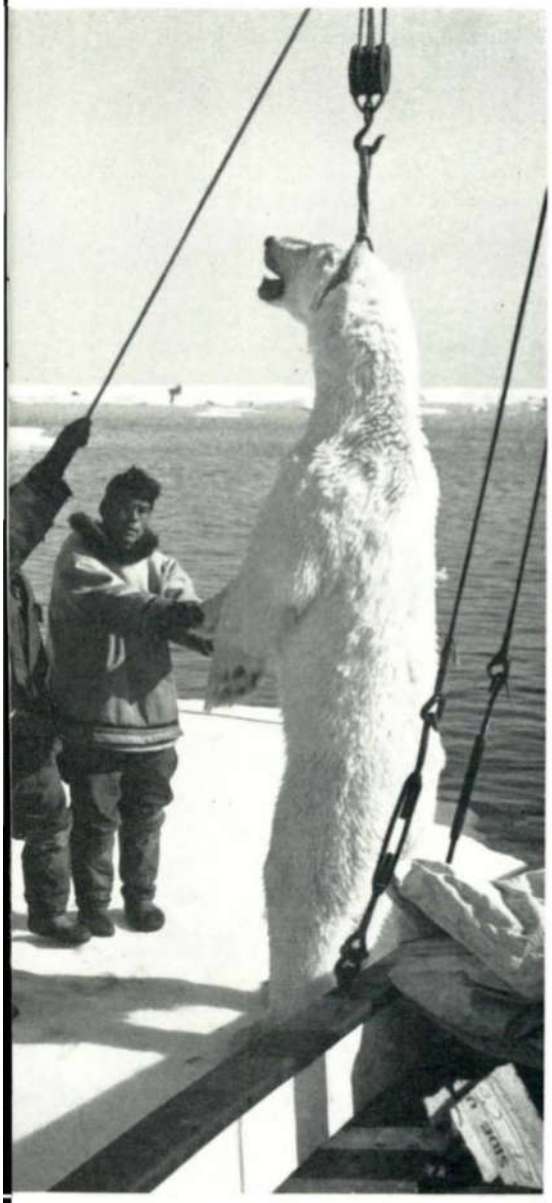
by Owen J. Gromme

Mr. Gromme is curator, division of birds and mammals at the Milwaukee Museum.

Polar bear mother and cub. A. L. Washburn

FOR many years one of the most popular habitat groups at the Public Museum in Milwaukee was the polar bears. But by 1954 it was evident that new bears were needed, which was easier said than done. To get them meant a long and costly expedition to the Arctic by museum workers who would know how to skin the animals for mounting, and how to take their measurements for the "mannikins" on which they would be mounted.

The financial side of the problem was solved through the generosity of Mr. Robert A. Uihlein, Sr., who personally sponsored the three-man expedition and went along as a regular working member—the other two being Walter Pelzer, museum taxidermist, and myself. After consultation with the Hudson's Bay Company, Southampton Island, situated at the north end of Hudson Bay, was chosen as the most likely spot to get the bears.



One of the bears shot for the habitat group towers above the Eskimos.

We left Milwaukee on August 15, travelled by rail to Churchill, by air to Coral Harbour on Southampton Island, by truck to Snafu, and by Peterhead boat to the Hudson's Bay post. As we chugged into the landing wharf, the whole Eskimo village came down to meet us, because they knew there was to be a big hunt in which some of them were to take part. Bert Swaffield, the post manager, greeted us at the dock and took us in hand.

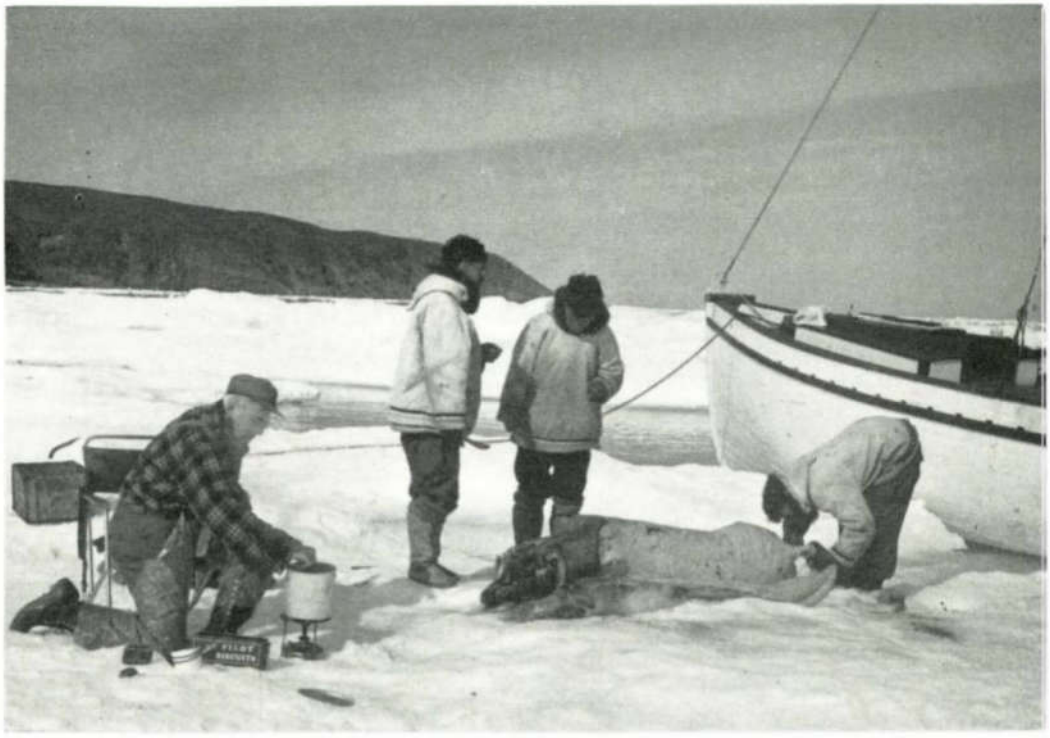
August 21 was the day of departure for the hunt. The bay was almost calm. All our equipment was loaded aboard a thirty-eight foot Peterhead boat, powered by an Acadia engine which seemed quite reliable, and carrying a mast and sail.

There were three small compartments—one aft, which was the engine room with sleeping space for an Eskimo on each side; one amidships, well filled with supplies and equipment, which accommodated the other two Eskimos; and one forward, about 13 x 9 feet, shaped like a flatiron, which was our own quarters. It was so small that our feet were always in each others' faces and everything was mixed up. Mr. Uihlein figured, when it came to cooking, that could best be done from a flying trapeze. Above the engine room was a tiny pilot house from which the navigator operated the steering wheel with his foot, using a compass of the automobile variety.

Peterhead boats are built in Nova Scotia. They are ideally adapted for work in Hudson Bay on account of their sturdiness, stability, and shallow draft. Under sail they keep on course very well even without a drop keel. Our boat, the *Nowyavak* (meaning little gull), was owned by three Eskimo brothers and a brother-in-law—good business men as ownership of the boat showed. All were renowned hunters, selected as our guides by Mr. Swaffield from the eighty or so Eskimos of the settlement. Sandy, whose last name was Santana, was the captain, and I think the chief stockholder. One member of the crew was not sure until the last moment whether he could accompany us because the date of our sailing was to be his wedding day. The early hour of our departure completely disrupted his plans for a honeymoon. To our surprise he showed up on deck all smiles before sailing time. The ceremony had been performed at a very early hour and all was well. When asked why he did not put off the wedding until our return, he said that he was afraid that one of the other boys would have married the girl meanwhile.

By eight o'clock all was in readiness and with much fanfare we pulled out. Inhabitants of the whole village, including the Swaffields, were down to see us off. The hunt was on.

The wind was from the south-southwest, and throughout the morning we bucked some very heavy waves head on. Here as in many later instances the little boat proved her seaworthiness. Occasionally a seal would show itself well out to one side or another, and several times the Eskimos would shoot at them with their rusty, ill-cared-for 22 or 30.06 calibre rifles. The natives are very careless in the attention given their firearms and other equipment, including their harpoons.



While the Eskimos complete the skinning of another bear, Mr. Uihlein makes coffee on the primus stove.

At around 5.45 p.m. we pulled into one of the few sheltered places on this rugged coast. In general this part of Southampton Island is almost flat, and projects only a few feet above the sea. The rock is mostly of granite type and everywhere shows the planing effects of glaciation. There are very few places here where one can safely anchor for the night, but the Eskimos are quite familiar with those that exist. We pulled into a cove, or rather a slight indentation in the coast which, after the tide went out, proved to be a sheltered little lagoon in which to spend the night. All anchorages are made according to the tide, and the off shore wind made this one comparatively safe. There are no trees here and what vegetation there is, such as the grasses, lichens, and mosses, grows only where a foothold is possible in the rocky crevices. Wood fires ashore are therefore impossible.

The only heat in our living quarters was provided by the one mantle Coleman gasoline lantern, and the warmth generated by cooking below deck on our tiny Primus stove. Our supper, and meals for the most part, were cooked on deck when possible. At this point our voluminous commissary stored amidships was not well organized and it seemed that everything we wanted was at the bottom of the pile.

After a quiet night, the day broke beautifully clear, but the Eskimos showed some uneasiness at the outgoing tide and they were anxious to depart quickly on account of the shallowness of the water. Once clear we headed for Seahorse Point and were moving at eight or nine knots when we saw our first walrus. Hoping to get some motion pictures, we slowly overtook them. They swim ponderously with an undulating movement, reminding one much of porpoises. Several of the bulls turned and defied us with loud roars, and we made the best of the opportunity. We headed toward shore and anchored in a well protected cove which probably, if seen from above, would resemble a frying pan. We were sheltered on three sides by the rugged rocky shore. This little cove became our headquarters at night during very rough weather.

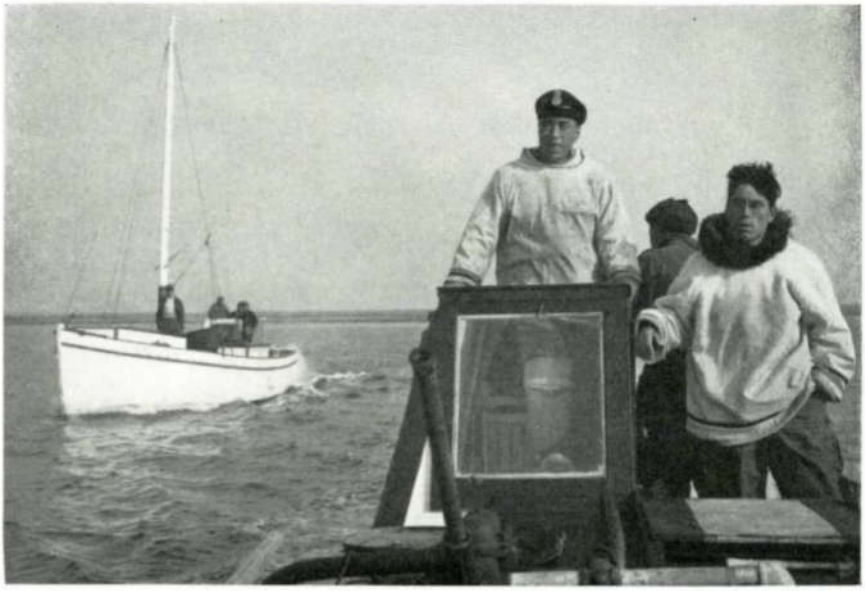
On the morning of August 23, the skies were leaden and the weather damp and foggy. Ghost-like ice floes appeared at the mouth of the cove in the open bay. We decided to go out and have a look with the idea of returning if the bay was rough. Once out we could see better weather ahead and as we went north we came into a world of fantastic beauty. Here the polar winds have full sweep. There is a continual movement of floating fields of ice from Baffin Island, and as the season progresses and the fall

Mr. Pelzer supervises a fleshing job on shore.

north-easters sweep down the bay, the ice floes are driven much farther south before they melt. After the middle of September and during October the ice and strong winds make navigation in small craft hazardous. On all sides of us were strange water-sculptured ghostly shapes of a beautiful bluish green. This was the northland—fabled in the stories of the early whalers and explorers. Here is the world of *Nanook* the Bear, and *Aivik* the Walrus. Everyone aboard was awed at the beauty of this late summer scene and tense with expectancy.

The Eskimos understood beforehand that our primary objective was polar bears, but that if time permitted we very much desired to make a motion picture of a typical native walrus hunt. This would necessitate the killing of walrus, so we promised that we would somehow make room for all the meat we could carry back with us to augment the winter food supply of both the natives and their dogs. From the Eskimos' standpoint this was an ideal arrangement, for they were being paid for what they would have ordinarily considered routine hunting for food. This added premium stimulated to fever pitch their normally acute instincts. Their eagerness to be on with the hunt was apparent in every move that they made. Several telescopes were produced from nowhere and the ice floes on all sides were carefully scrutinized. Sandy very skilfully manoeuvered our boat through the open lanes and at times when it seemed that we would be completely encompassed, we would slip through narrow passages that appeared almost impossible to navigate. He stood looking out of his little cabin much like a jack-in-the-box, manipulating the steering wheel with his foot. His simple signals to the engineman below indicated when to put on speed or when to slack off.

We were cruising along and admiring the grandeur of the scenery when suddenly one of the members of the crew called out "*Nanook*!" The four natives were galvanized into action. It was the first glimpse that we white men had had of live polar bears outside zoological gardens. Straight ahead were three of these beautiful beasts riding an ice floe. From a short distance they all seemed about the same size, but it was soon apparent that they were a mother and two large cubs. For a time we could not tell which was which. They stared at us curiously and when we were about one hundred and fifty feet away the old female disappeared behind the ice while the remaining two just stood and looked at us. The one that disappeared had gone around and entered the water from the other side of the floe. We were hard put to decide whether or



Sandy Santana steers the Peterhead boat with his foot.

not to take all three. Of course the natives wanted us to take them all, as they would have done, but we had a museum group in mind and decided that the cubs were too adult in appearance to make a female and cub group. As the Eskimos assured us that the two well grown young bears could ably take care of themselves, we decided to take the old female. She was shot with a small-bore rifle, as there is no particular danger if care is taken in killing a bear in the water. When both man and bear are on land or ice, it is an entirely different story. The two cubs roared at us defiantly and it was with some difficulty that we drove them away from the boat. The weather had turned clear and we kept several cameras busy during the whole show.

At this time of the year dead bears will float for a considerable length of time and this one was towed to a convenient flat-topped ice floe and with block and tackle was pulled up for skinning. The temperature of the water was about 30° but during August the power of the sun was still strong and coats and jackets were removed. The Eskimo skinners now demonstrated their skill with knives. The hides had to be taken off in a special way for mounting and we found that they need only be told once how to proceed. Work had to be done quickly lest we suddenly found ourselves dangerously encompassed in the ice pack. We noted that a heavy layer of fat insulated *Nanook* against the cold. With the exception of the liver, which is considered poisonous to man and dog alike, none of the meat was wasted, and it was all taken aboard. Its usefulness can well be imagined because the average husky dog requires about three pounds of flesh food per day.

After skinning, great care was taken to remove all blood spots from the fur, and the skins were immersed and washed in convenient salt water. Polar bears are not pure white as is generally supposed, but by comparison with the surrounding ice are a distinct yellowish ochre.

The photography, measuring, skinning, cleaning, and skeleton preparation had taken longer than we anticipated, and the last details of the work were done in a hurry because the ever-moving ice floes had nearly surrounded us. It was in these tight spots that the uncanny native ability to navigate was manifest. Soon we were out into the open with bear number one aboard.

We were destined to have very good luck on that day for out among the floes another bear was shot and we went through the same procedure. The bears are very heavy and it takes lots of man power to pull one aboard the ice floe, but the Eskimos are very strong and skilled, and agile as cats. Handling polar bears is nothing unusual for them. The two bear skins were tied alongside for washing while we travelled.

Farther up the coast as we passed one of the headlands the boys again called "*Nanook*!" and pointed to a large lone bear about two hundred yards away, well up on the rocky shore. We knew this was going to be an entirely different proposition from shooting a bear in the water. We had not much time to think about it and decided to make a try from the boat. I had my doubts that a bear

at that distance could be hit from the moving craft. However, Mr. Uihlein made two fine shots and the bear was down to stay. We all went ashore and cautiously approached the animal, making sure that it was dead before going too close. Inspection proved that the lower jaw had been broken for some time either in a fight or by a bullet. The wear on the enamel of the teeth proved that the wound was not of recent date. The bear was very large and in good condition, but there was only about an inch of fat over the muscle meat. He was quickly measured and skinned on a nearby gravelly flat.

After the job was done the Eskimos dug a hole about two feet deep in the gravel where they cached the bear meat. After it was completely covered with small rocks it resembled a cairn and was topped with a capstone to elevate it above the coming snow. Sandy told me that he was going to build a snowhouse in this area and trap foxes. This supply of meat would augment the food stores for his dogs, and possibly for himself, if meat were scarce, as is frequently the case during lean winters. He said that overland it would take him about a week or possibly more to make the trip to this point from Coral Harbour by dog sled.

We now had three of the four bears we were to take, and were very happy about our day's good luck. We returned to our protected anchorage about sundown. The morning of August 24 found us still at anchor at 11.30 a.m. The bay was too wild to go out. From the top of a rocky hill behind us Sandy and one of the boys spotted a bear which they judged to be four or five miles away. It would have been a long and difficult overland walk, and we reasoned that a single animal would probably be a male which would be yellowed from living for a long time on land. If we encountered a female with large cubs on land there would probably be trouble, and we would possibly have to kill all three which would have been more than our legal limit. We could see that Sandy was anxious for us to take the last bear at this particular place, for the cached meat would be a further addition to the winter food supply.

We did not know how long we would be held up by the wind, but took advantage of our inability to get out by taking the bear skins ashore and fleshing them. The boys were very happy to try out the bright new shiny knives that Mr. Uihlein had given them. The men consider this type of work beneath their dignity, but they willingly went ahead knowing that it had to be done there. Ordinarily this work is done in the Eskimo villages by the women with their ooloos, which are small half-moon-shaped knives with which they scrape the fat from the animal's skin—and very seldom cut a hole. Four Eskimos, or sometimes three, can just about finish fleshing a polar bear skin in an afternoon.

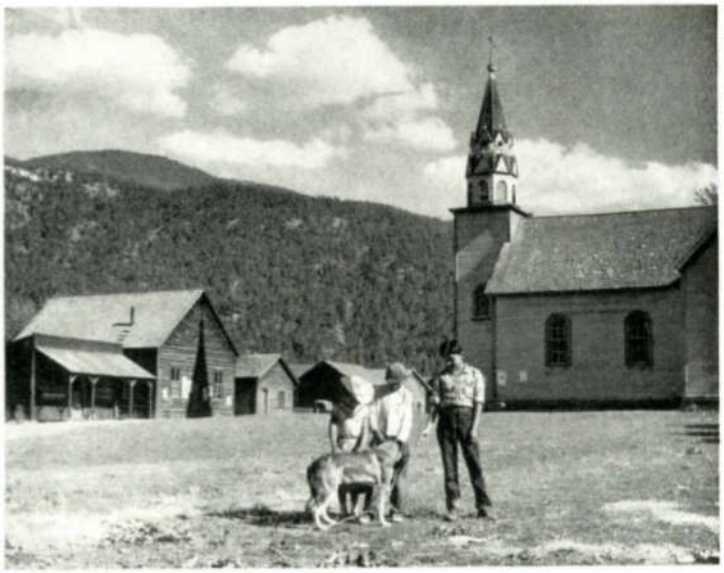
On August 28 Mr. Uihlein was up first and reported ice in our little harbour. This did not sound good to us. The wind seemed to have changed to a westerly direction and the day was bright and warmer. After I awakened Sandy he lost no time in getting out of our anchorage. We went for miles along the shore side of the pack till we found an opening through it. When we got out among the heavier floes we spied a lone bear on an ice floe, and we decided that he would be suitable for our group. Like two of the others the animal was dispatched while in the water.

We now had our quota of polar bears, and had to think about returning home. Before leaving, however, we had promised the Eskimos that we would take part in the walrus hunt which would provide them and their dogs with winter meat, and us with pictures. But the telling of that episode must be deferred to another time.

We could not linger, for the Company's M.V. *Rupertsland*, on which we were going out, had to go north to Repulse Bay before returning to Churchill. We said goodbye to our Eskimo crew—wonderful little men who had done their best to make us comfortable in their crowded boat—made our farewells to the Swaffields, and headed for home with our bear skins and bones. ◆

Sandy comes home to his wife and baby.

The old Indian village of Fountain stands in a high valley overlooking the Fraser Canyon on the Cariboo Road.

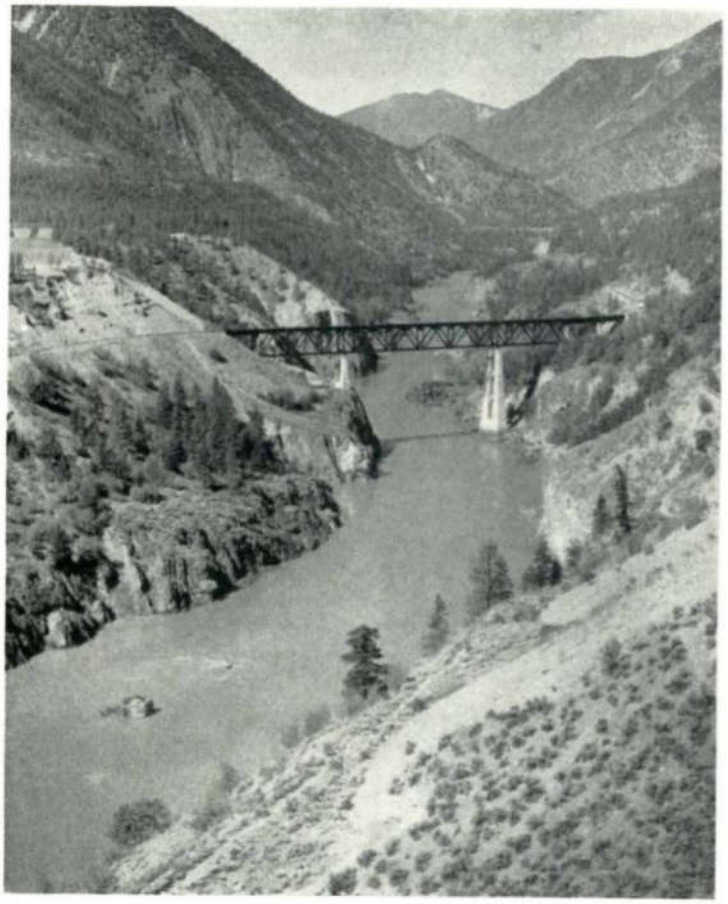


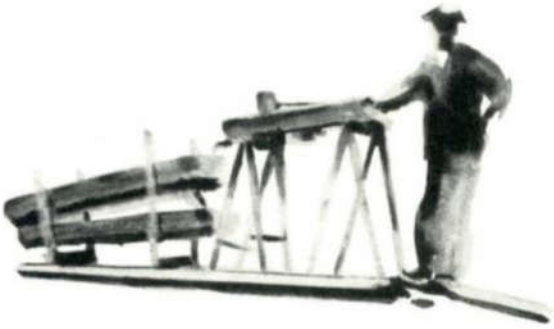
CARIBOO COUNTRY

by Donovan Clemson

Scenes in the Fraser Valley, British Columbia, where placer miners once sought the gold of the Cariboo.

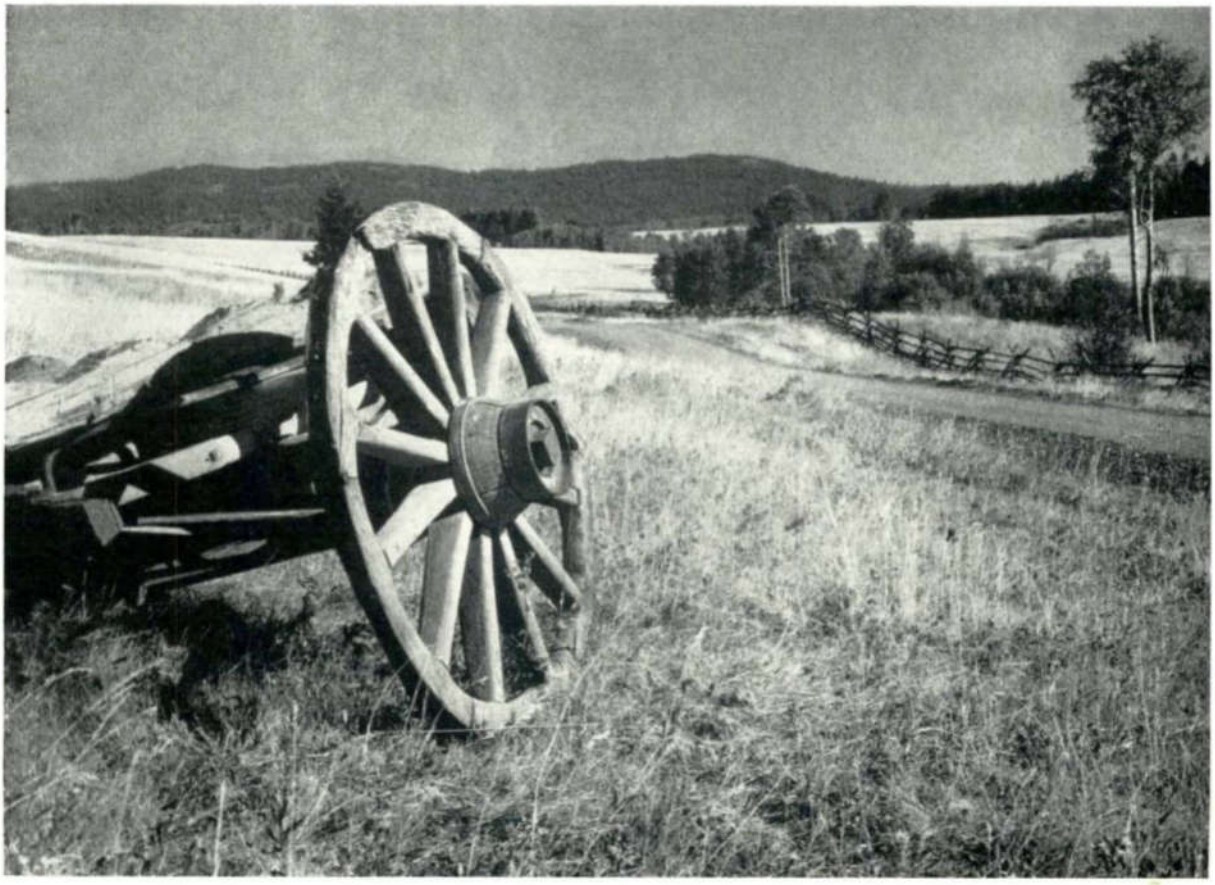
The valley seen from the roadside north of Lillooet.





Looking north up the Fraser near Lillooet, where the Pacific Great Eastern crosses.

A weatherworn wagon, abandoned beside a road built in 1862, stirs memories of the mining days. Crossing the high plateau of Pavilion Mountain, the road served as a link in the Harrison route to the gold fields.

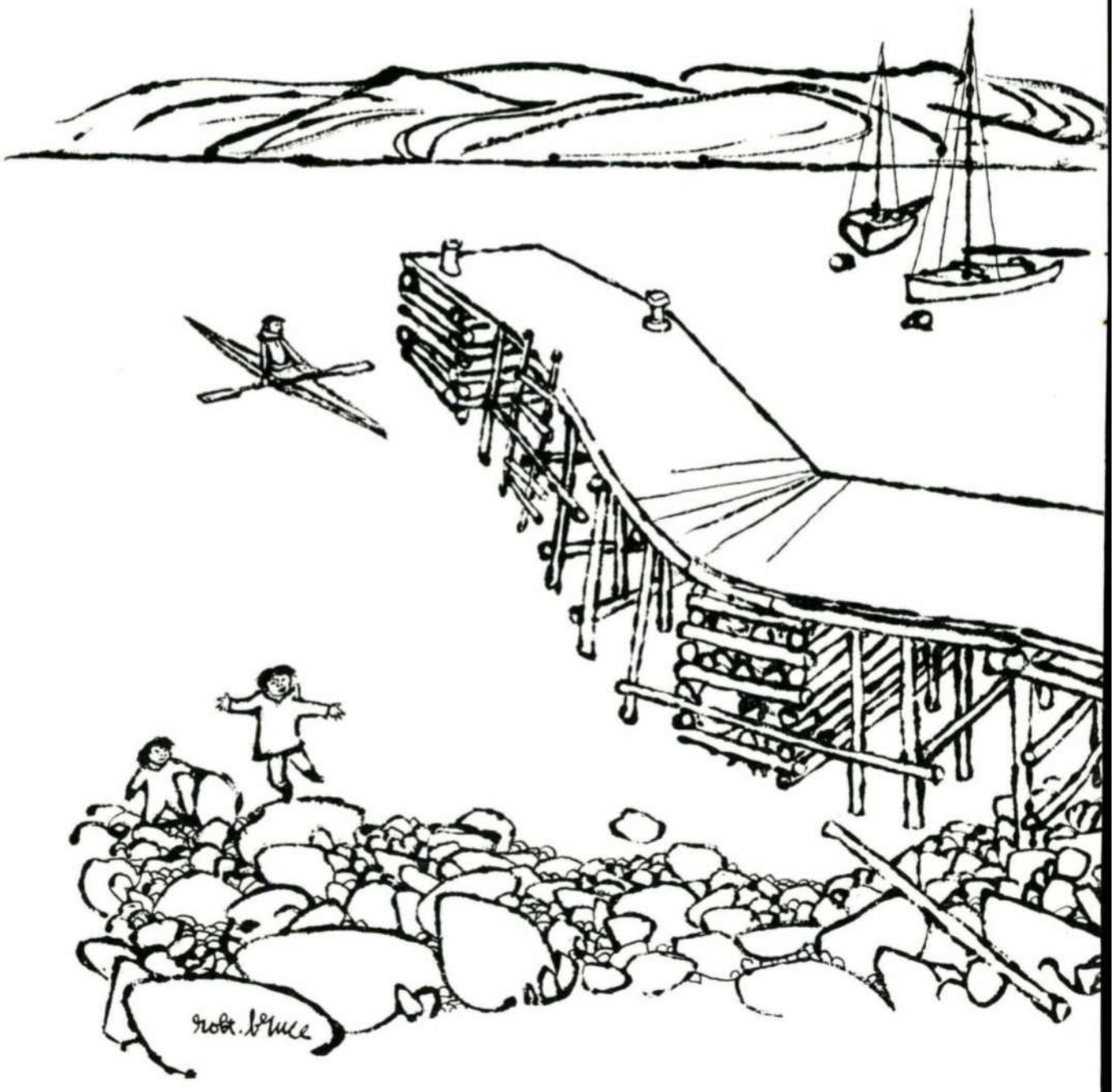


WHEN I was a young man in the Fur Trade at Fort Chimo we had a hunter called Serqualouk. He was an Ungava Eskimo and a bit of a civil engineer in his spare time.

We had a wooden wharf which was erected in the summer for the annual steamer and taken to bits in the fall before it got knocked down by the river ice. It consisted of spruce logs partially embedded in the mud and partially supported by piles of rocks, tied crosswise with more, but slimmer logs, spiked into place with large nails. The platform was of planks and the whole edifice fancily finished off with a couple of wooden bollards for mooring purposes. In all, about sixty feet by eight.

Over a period of years the crowd engaged on this job had become just about expert at it, and over the same period Serqualouk had gradually assumed the airs and status of "Engineer-in-Charge." He had done it so often that he could probably have directed affairs with his eyes shut, so naturally enough, one year he suddenly got bored.

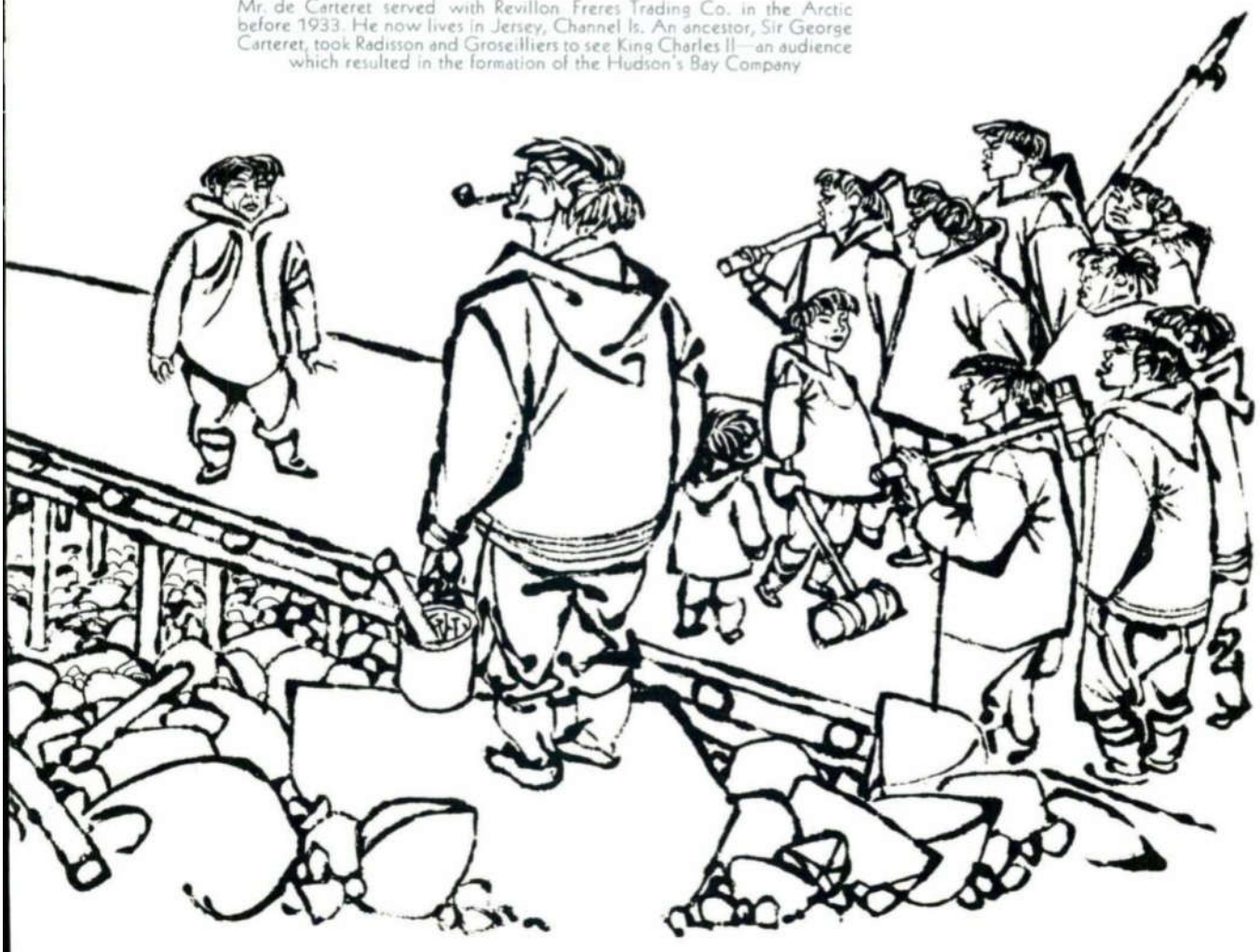
When he started laying out the lines of foundations that year he put a bend in them. It wasn't much of a bend, but still—a bend.



THE BENT WHARF

by Philip de Carteret

Mr. de Carteret served with Revillon Freres Trading Co. in the Arctic before 1933. He now lives in Jersey, Channel Is. An ancestor, Sir George Carteret, took Radisson and Groseilliers to see King Charles II—an audience which resulted in the formation of the Hudson's Bay Company



The others said nothing until the wharf was finished, then they all congregated at the shore end and gazed at their handiwork.

Vallie, the half breed, who was always full of talk, said "There is a bend." "Indeed," agreed the rest. "How did that happen?" murmured Vallie to no one in particular. "Ah!" replied the chorus, wisely.

At this point, Serqualouk, anxious to show his knowledge, brought forward his irrefutable argument in support of his action. "It is very suitable. In White Man's Land that is how wharves are built."

The silence which greeted this remark could have been cut in slices and handed round. Everyone knew that Serqualouk had never been nearer to civilization than Port Harrison and then only because his boat had been driven there by a gale.

Something of this attitude probably penetrated, because he went on: "I have a picture of one in a book."

Now it was possible, but highly improbable, that he had a book of any kind anyway. The number of books written in syllabic, the only written word the Eskimo had, was limited, to say the least. On the other hand, he might just possibly own some sort of printed word, loosely described as a book, containing pictures of various objects, but why a wharf?

We all received the information in silence, as was natural. After all, we all lived on the one post, and who wanted to start a row anyway?

Later I said to old Adami, my trapping partner and the local river pilot, "Have you ever seen a bent wharf before?" "No," he returned, "not anywhere at all." He, after all, was a much travelled man and had even been across

Hudson Bay to Baker Lake and Chesterfield Inlet in a schooner. I thought hard myself and couldn't remember having ever seen a wharf, except huge affairs lining the shores of great ports but not sticking out into the seas or rivers. I thought of Southend Pier and Brighton Pier, and then gave it up.

We let it ride for a few weeks until after ship-time because we were very busy baling up the year's fur and struggling with the Annual Report, while the Eskimos got down to it, removing all the ancient seal bones and things which the melted snow had disclosed lying around the place. We got the house painted, and cut the grass and eventually arranged a relay system of small boys to mount our highest hill to keep an eye open for the ship coming up river.

Eventually she turned up and all our crowd were engaged in unloading her freight scows at the bent wharf. She stayed two days, and Bill Black, my partner, and I went out to her in the motor boat with the fur on the last scow. We had a drink and chat with the mate, who said as we were leaving, "Bye the bye, what in hell happened to your wharf? First one I've seen like that!" I turned and looked at him very coldly. "It is very suitable" I said. "It is built in accordance with the latest pattern from Outside"—meaning civilization. His jaw dropped, and we went down the ladder into our waiting boat.

An hour later the ship left, and we were able once more to get back to the comfort of work shirts and blue jeans.

Serqualouk came in a few days afterwards to get fitted out to go walrus hunting. He had a thirty-foot boat which he was paying for as and when he could. When he was fixed up I said, "Have you got that book you were talking about? I'd like to have a look at it." "Ah," he replied, "I have got it, but not here. It's at my camp on the coast. I left my box and some other things there in the spring."

"Never mind," said I, "Some other time." I thought "You lying old so-and-so, you haven't got one at all." Perhaps he read my mind, for he continued, "However, I'll bring it along when I come in at Christmas." "Good," I replied, "I should like to see it." And promptly forgot the matter.

Round about the end of November we started making a small keg of beer. We had some packaged dry hops and followed the directions as usual and, as usual, figured she wasn't liable to be very lively that way, so added a few pounds of raisins and dried apple rings along with the dried yeast, to improve the body a bit. We made a number of Christmas puddings in five-pound lard pails, and dug out the goose we'd had buried in a barrel of lard since September. He was in good shape and by that time frozen like a rock.

All the hunters came in for Christmas with their families and the post was a mass of snowhouses, with everyone spending their days visiting and their nights square-dancing in one of our wooden shacks. I got a sore thumb from the accordion thong and wore out my best sealskin winter white-bottom boots double-shuffling with the Eskimo girls. And Serqualouk forgot to bring his book.

The winter and spring passed and the ice broke up and the usual round went on. Adami and I went sealing and had the idea of calling on Serqualouk at his coastal camp, but the ice started drifting inshore and we had to beat it before the boat got nipped. We put about smartly and managed to dodge up river before trouble occurred. I almost gave up hope of seeing the "suitably shaped wharf" picture but it was one of those stupid things that persist in the mind and although I forgot about it I remembered from time to time.

In June Vallie came in, dodging the few remaining floes, and wanted me to go with him to the shore camp. There was some sickness among the people. "What's wrong?" I asked. "There are many of us all swollen up and unable to move," he answered. This sounded like some food poisoning or other, so after a few more questions which eventually elicited the information that the apparent cause of the trouble was eating the meat of a very dead whale washed up on the beach, I took a selection of medicines and accompanied him down river.

At the camp I saw the sufferers, who all looked as if they had been inflated by some sort of air pump. In some cases the eyes were almost invisibly sunk in the puffed flesh and when one pressed any part of the body the depression lasted for several seconds. I lashed out strong laxatives all round and ordered spruce tea to be brewed and administered constantly.

In twenty-four hours they were all on the way to recovery, all except Serqualouk who from inflation went to deflation and got more and more gaunt and feeble. I tried everything at my poor command, but perhaps the poison had affected his heart, for he never improved.

Just before he died he asked his wife to open his box and get his book. I was in the tent watching him and giving him sips of brandy. I nearly dropped the bottle. To my shame, be it said, I was so anxious to have the mystery of the bent wharf revealed to me at last, that I forgot poor old Serqualouk for a few seconds. He was too feeble to raise himself but she put the book in his hands and he fumbled for a piece of grass which he'd used as a marker. Shakily he held out the volume to me and when I took it from him said, "You see, boss, very suitable;" and died.

The book was a child's geography and the open page showed "A view of Dover Harbour, 1897." ◆

Typical Montagnais home, with drying sealskin and high-prowed sled. Beyond is the nearly completed church of Romaine.

MONTAGNAIS OF THE COTE NORD

On the Gulf of St. Lawrence, descendants of the Indians who greeted Cartier over four centuries ago still hunt along the North Shore.

THE lazy smoke of a dozen cooking fires curled skyward in the tent town of Romaine, mingling with the spicy smell of burning evergreens, the hoarse crying of a black-backed gull, and the yip-yip-yipping of a dozen "crackies," the small, Indian hunting dogs tethered along the edge of the plateau.

Here, in one of the major Montagnais villages of the *Côte Nord* of Quebec, on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, we walked among fragments of an old tribal life, and among the descendants of the first Indians to greet Cartier and Champlain.

To the sound of lustily-wielded hammers, Indian workmen in overalls were raising the steeple of the new mission church; others were building three new government houses —that year's quota. But among the clustered tents, sealskins were stretched on frames and drying . . . a pleasant-faced young Indian was cleaning a new kill with a pocket knife . . . several men were applying new green paint to their hand-made canoes . . . and the old women of the village, in their voluminous tartan skirts and traditional Montagnais "Liberty" caps, were tending the fires, or resting with a pipeful of tobacco bought at the post, up in the white section of "La Romaine."

It was August—the old Moon of Flying Birds, as the Indians of Labrador used to call it—and in the village tucked into the weathered coastline of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, there was already the feeling of departure.

"Another couple of weeks," Father Alexis Joveneau told us later, in the little book-filled study of the Oblate Mission, "and there won't be a soul in the village!" He shook his head. "We wish the older people at least would remain here. But, you know, *they* are the very ones that want to go the most!"

Not just the men, but the women as well make up the Montagnais hunting parties. And it is the "weaker sex" who carry on their sturdy backs most of the necessities of this nomadic life, with the exception of the canoes. The young priest spread a big, detailed map of Labrador on his desk and showed us the hunting grounds to which his people would soon go—some of them nearly two hundred miles inside Labrador. Today, planes sometimes drop them food and supplies.

We wondered how many people there were in Romaine, to make up these hunting trips, and we asked the Father.

"An hour ago, three hundred and two," he replied promptly. "Now—" and his face positively beamed, "three hundred and *three*!"

At last we realized the significance of a small incident we had observed earlier as we walked through the village —a sturdy, silver-haired man carrying a black bag, vanishing through the flap of an Indian tent! Cruising the coast in his sea-going *Northern Messenger*, Dr. Donald Hodd of the Grenfell Mission at Harrington, had arrived most opportunely that day at Romaine.

Story and pictures by Adelaide Leitch

Miss Leitch has written about and photographed various aspects of Canadian life from Newfoundland to the Yukon.

Montagnais Indians (foreground) go down to the dock at Mingan to meet the "North Shore" from Montreal.

Indian woman wearing the traditional Montagnais "Liberty cap," made of beaded black and red superfine cloth.

Father Joveneau was right about the departure of his village. When we passed that way again a few weeks later, there wasn't a sign of a tent at Romaine, or a single wisp of blue smoke rising from a cooking fire.

Gradually, however, the Montagnais Indians and their close cousins the Nascopie, are sifting into more central communities. Once, these two Algonkian tribes roamed all of the Labrador peninsula south of Eskimo territory; from the St. Maurice River to the Atlantic, from the St. Lawrence River to the height of land around Hudson Bay. Today, Mingan, Romaine and St. Augustin are the major Montagnais centres of the remote easterly coast, although smaller groups are still scattered along the coast in places like Acadian-French Natashquan—where Father Loeselle would like to have a hockey rink for the Indian boys, but finds their departure for the fall hunting deprives him of sufficient manpower to build it.

The once-great gathering place of Musquaro is gone. When we walked past the lobster pots on the shore and up over the rocks to the place of the "bear's tail," as the name signifies, we found only a lonely little graveyard filled with fireweed and tilted stones. The last Indians moved out several years ago, taking with them to Romaine even a part of their church. Three white families today are the complete population of Musquaro.

We steamed out of a sparkling white fog one day into another of the Montagnais centres—Mingan, which means "wolf," and which was once part of an ancient French seigniory. The dock was no North Shore stage, as it was in Romaine, but a fine, long dock, remnant of the U.S. occupation, as was an airport and landing strip behind the town.

Grandmother wears the typical cap and ear-bobs. Grandson, playing with one of her cigarettes, is dressed like a white boy.

This, too, was a village of tents, with a scattering of grey and white homes that housed an Indian Affairs nurse, a teacher and, off to one side, a trader. Two navigation markers rose sternly on high, rust-red towers to guide ships in through a narrow, though safe little channel, for Mingan was an occasional steamer port-of-call.

A couple of Indian boys paddled about the miniature pool formed by the dock and the shore, one steering, one flat on his stomach as he tried to spear a *crapaud de mer*, an evil-looking, spiny sculpin of the Gulf.

Like magic, from the village that had seemed deeply asleep a moment before, there suddenly erupted the population—the men in "store clothes," but the women wearing their traditional Montagnais hats, and their voluminous ankle-length skirts.

The Montagnais hats, red and black, with a deep band of embroidery are vaguely reminiscent of the hat of a Laplander man. The full tops, which sag to the side, are sometimes used as pouches for money, matches and other small articles. The "superfine" cloth is ordered especially

from England for them, purchased at the Hudson's Bay Company stores; and the hats are items of pride among the women, never to be sold at any price.

Before the arrival of the white man and the establishment of the H B C both men and women wore, like the Eskimos, a type of leather cap attached to their jackets to make a kind of capote. Today, some of the younger women set French berets atop their black hair but even some of these "young moderns" of the North Shore continue to bind their hair into the two bobs, one over each ear, and wrapped with black ribbon. This type of hair dressing goes back into the ancient history of the race.

We were eager to see the village, and particularly the canoe-making, and we asked our travelling companions on the little coastal boat if the Indians would mind. Lionel, the ship's engineer, chuckled. "If you're off the *Maris Stella* you can do no wrong here!" he assured us. The tidy little white boat on which we reached Mingan had once been a war boat in Halifax harbour. Later, Monseigneur Lionel Scheffer, Vicar of Labrador, had bought it and that summer, with Dr. E. E. Binet on board, it was engaged in an X-ray survey of the coast.

We walked through the fireweed, and raspberries big as thimbles, to a tent with a cooking pot outside it and an old man busy making a canoe. An engaging mongrel pup tumbled head-over-rump and a couple of black-eyed little boys toddled on short, fat legs to the nearest tartan skirt, from which safe vantage point, they eyed us curiously.

The work tent smelled of fresh-cut spruce chips and evergreens and, among the curling, blonde shavings, stood several completed canoe planks, smooth and white as satin, shaped with the traditional crooked knife.

The old man had taken some of them outside with him, and was fitting them into his partly-finished craft. Store-bought canvas might have replaced the bark that the Montagnais once used, but there was still great skill in the brown fingers that had shaped the ribs and planks and placed them into the canoe so well that the only nails needed in the whole craft were the ones with which the canvas was tacked to the gunwale.

Work on these canoes is begun, actually, the year before, when the spruce is cut and the ribs are made. Tapered and graduated from bow to stern, they are held to the right curves with string or thong, then hung outside the tents until the shape is permanent.

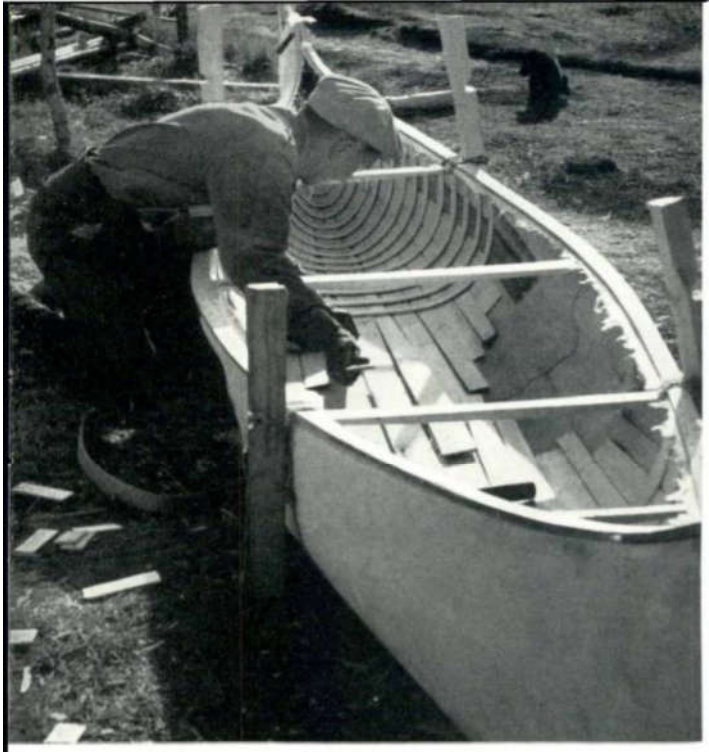
Then, on long, summer days, while the terns and murres squabble over the St. Lawrence and an occasional seal swims to a swift doom at Indian hands, they begin to assemble their canoes. The canvas, doubled, is fastened to stakes at bow and stern and at intervals along the sides. Thwarts, ribs and floor boards are held in place by their own spring, plus a slight natural swelling in the water.

A Mingan canoe-maker hammers stakes into the ground to keep his craft steady while he works on it.

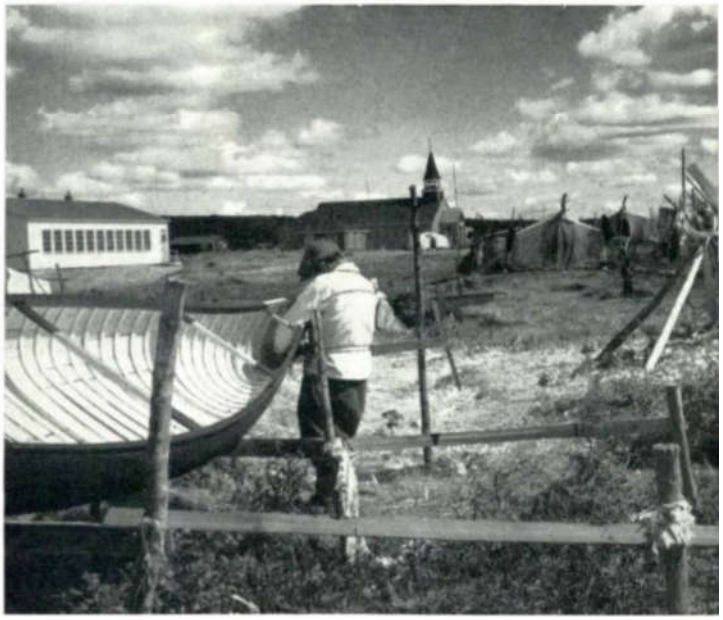
"We take the canoes apart every fall and shake out the sand," one canoe-maker told us, in Montagnais, and our engineer translated it. Light and graceful, they are replaced every four years or so, and always, in these Montagnais villages, there is the activity of canoe-making.

The story of the Montagnais and Nascopie of Quebec and Labrador is an old one. They were along this coast when Cartier came floating down the Gulf. And they welcomed Champlain, rejoicing in the French muskets that provided them with strong medicine for the hated Iroquois. Later, the same firearms so diminished the supply of moose and other game that existence became harder and harder. Today, they are still among the most primitive Indians of Canada.

Both of Algonkian stock, the Montagnais and Nascopie differ as their environments differ. The Montagnais covered their early lodges with the birch bark of their more southerly home; the Nascopie used caribou skins which they took in the north.



Another canoe builder thrusts the floor boards between the ribs and the canvas of his craft.



At Romaine an Indian puts the finishing touches on his canoe. The new school on the left is in striking contrast to the tent homes of the village.

Vaguely, they all accepted a great "sky god" and, to him (after the Europeans had come with their tobaccos), they sometimes offered up the smoke of their ceremonial pipes. But, for everyday living, they found more personal gods. And they believed strongly in the spirits of the animals that they killed, making sure that they did not offend them. Even today white hunters and geologists occasionally come across the skull and bones of an animal carefully placed in the crotch of a tree—tribute from the days before the planes.

They still marry young. The Indian mother who boosted the population of Romaine from 302 to 303 was only nineteen, and it was her third baby. On the coast, they say a girl is old enough to marry "when she's big enough to fill a raquette" (*i.e.*, a snowshoe). A boy is "old enough when he can carry a canoe."

Their own Montagnais dialect is still their basic unit of speech, although many of the younger ones also speak French, and some of them English as well. A syllabic system of writing, introduced in north Quebec about 1895, was adopted by some of the Indians as well as the Eskimos. Today, forestry men sometimes print a fire warning in this syllabic language, along with the usual signs in French and English.

Today, there is a new commerce on the shores of Quebec's *Côte Nord*, as mining men and geologists, timber companies and sportsmen, push on down the coast. From well over 6,000 Montagnais and Nascopie that once lived in Quebec and Labrador, the numbers had shrunk to 3,900 by 1949, the year of the last census. And, as the frontier rolls east past Seven Islands, the Indians slowly are moving into housing projects and forgetting their old ways.

But, down the shore at Romaine and Mingan and St. Augustin, Montagnais groups still pitch their tents and make their graceful canoes, preserving a part of their heritage from the days when, with their northerly Nascopie cousins, they roamed the immense Labrador peninsula. •

McLeod's Lake Fort, the oldest white settlement in B.C., as it appeared 65 years ago.

Wayward clerks who needed some discipline were sent to

NEW CALEDONIA:

BEFORE the union of the Hudson's Bay and North West companies, New Caledonia, as the central interior of British Columbia was then termed, was looked upon by the officers and men of the Hudson's Bay Company as a kind of "Naboth's Vineyard" owned by the North West Company. After the union New Caledonia was sometimes used by Governor George Simpson as a sort of Siberia where he could send wayward clerks who, in his opinion, needed some discipline. John Tod tells of how, as a result of a clash with Simpson, he was in 1833 ordered back again across the mountains. By pleading ill health and obtaining permission to return to Great Britain for medical treatment, Tod managed to delay his return to New Caledonia to 1840.

Why was New Caledonia viewed with favour by the Hudson's Bay Company before 1821 and not nearly so favourably after that date? The reason seems fairly obvious. The Nor'Westers were the first overland fur traders who had penetrated and explored west of the Rocky Mountains. Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Simon Fraser, and David Thompson will live forever in Canadian history as the three great partners of the North West Company who blazed the trails, or more properly followed the Indian trails, across the Rockies and found their way to the Pacific. Only Thompson, by the way, ever viewed the broad Pacific. Mackenzie and Fraser got to tide-water but not to the open ocean. But the Nor'Westers opened up the fur trade on the Pacific slope just as they did in Athabasca and Mackenzie River districts. The Hudson's Bay Company was able to compete with the Nor'Westers in Athabasca prior to 1821 but the territory west of the Rockies, commonly known as New Caledonia and the Columbia districts, was a Nor'Westers' preserve to which the Great Company was as yet unable to obtain access. The Pacific Fur Company, better known as the Astorians, did manage to challenge the supremacy of the Nor'Westers, until the outbreak of the War of 1812 upset John Jacob Astor's plans and the Canadians in the Pacific Fur Company "sold" Astoria to the North West Company in 1813.

After 1821 the reorganized Hudson's Bay Company took over New Caledonia and the Columbia. Governor George Simpson inspected both regions and was not too well pleased with what he found. Before we discuss Simpson's reports on these two fur trading districts it will be well, however, more fully to consider New Caledonia and its romantic history.

The poetical name, New Caledonia, was bestowed in 1806 on the central interior of British Columbia by Simon Fraser, the well-known explorer and fur trader. His parents had come from Scotland to Vermont just before the outbreak of the American Revolution. His father had fought for King George, had been taken prisoner and had died as a result of ill-treatment. His mother, who brought her family to Canada after the war, seems to have told to her children tales of the old homeland. Simon Fraser never visited Scotland but when he saw the Stuart Lake country he was certain that it bore a close resemblance to the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood." The name remained in use until the Fraser River gold rush of 1858 when Queen Victoria named the new colony on the mainland not New Caledonia but British Columbia.

The boundaries of New Caledonia were never accurately defined. The Rocky Mountains to the east and the Coast Range to the west were both natural barriers, but it was never certain how far the territory extended to the north and to the south. Rev. A. G. Morice, O.M.I., stated that New Caledonia extended from 51°30′ to 57° North, but for administrative purposes, the Hudson's Bay Company classed the Thompson River country including Kamloops with New Caledonia.

The region is mountainous, especially in the north where it is characterized by its long narrow lakes, usually of

Dr. Sage is professor emeritus and former head of the Department of History, University of British Columbia.

Photographs by Chief Factor James McDougall

SIBERIA OF THE FUR TRADE

by W. N. Sage

great depth, and by its coniferous forests. The southern portion extends into the dry belt in the Chilcotin and in the Thompson River area. The Fraser is the main artery and with its tributaries, especially the Nechako, drains New Caledonia and provides access to the south. In the northeast the Finlay-Parsnip-Peace river system drains to the Arctic and in the northwest Babine Lake empties into Babine River, a tributary of the Skeena which reaches the Pacific near Prince Rupert.

The natives of New Caledonia belonged, on the whole, to what Father Morice has termed the Great Déné race. They were of Athapascan language stock and they lived on both sides of the Rocky Mountains. Some southern offshoots of the Dénés extended as far south as Arizona. The Sarcees, near Calgary, belong to the same race.

Before the white man came, the natives had established regular routes across the Rockies and to the Pacific Coast. The so-called "grease trails" by way of the Skeena, "Mackenzie's Trail," and the Fraser canyons provided access to the "oolichan" (candlefish) grease and fish oil from the coast much prized by the interior tribes. Alexander Mackenzie in 1793 and Simon Fraser and John Stuart in 1806 and 1808 followed Indian routes, although in both cases the Indians of the upper Fraser warned the travellers against the great dangers and hazards to be encountered in the descent of the mighty river. They did not really know where the Fraser reached tide-water. David Thompson, the explorer of the Columbia river, never traversed any portion of New Caledonia at all, although Simon Fraser mistakenly thought that he was encamped on the upper waters of the river which he named the Thompson in honour of his fellow partner in the North West Company.

The first trading post in New Caledonia was at McLeod's Lake and was founded by Simon Fraser in 1805. In 1806 Fraser and Stuart established posts at Stuart and Fraser Lakes respectively. The post on Stuart Lake, which became the chief fur "fort" in New Caledonia, is better

Fort St. James in August 1891. This most celebrated of the fur trade posts in the B.C. interior was founded by Simon Fraser on Stuart Lake, 150 years ago.

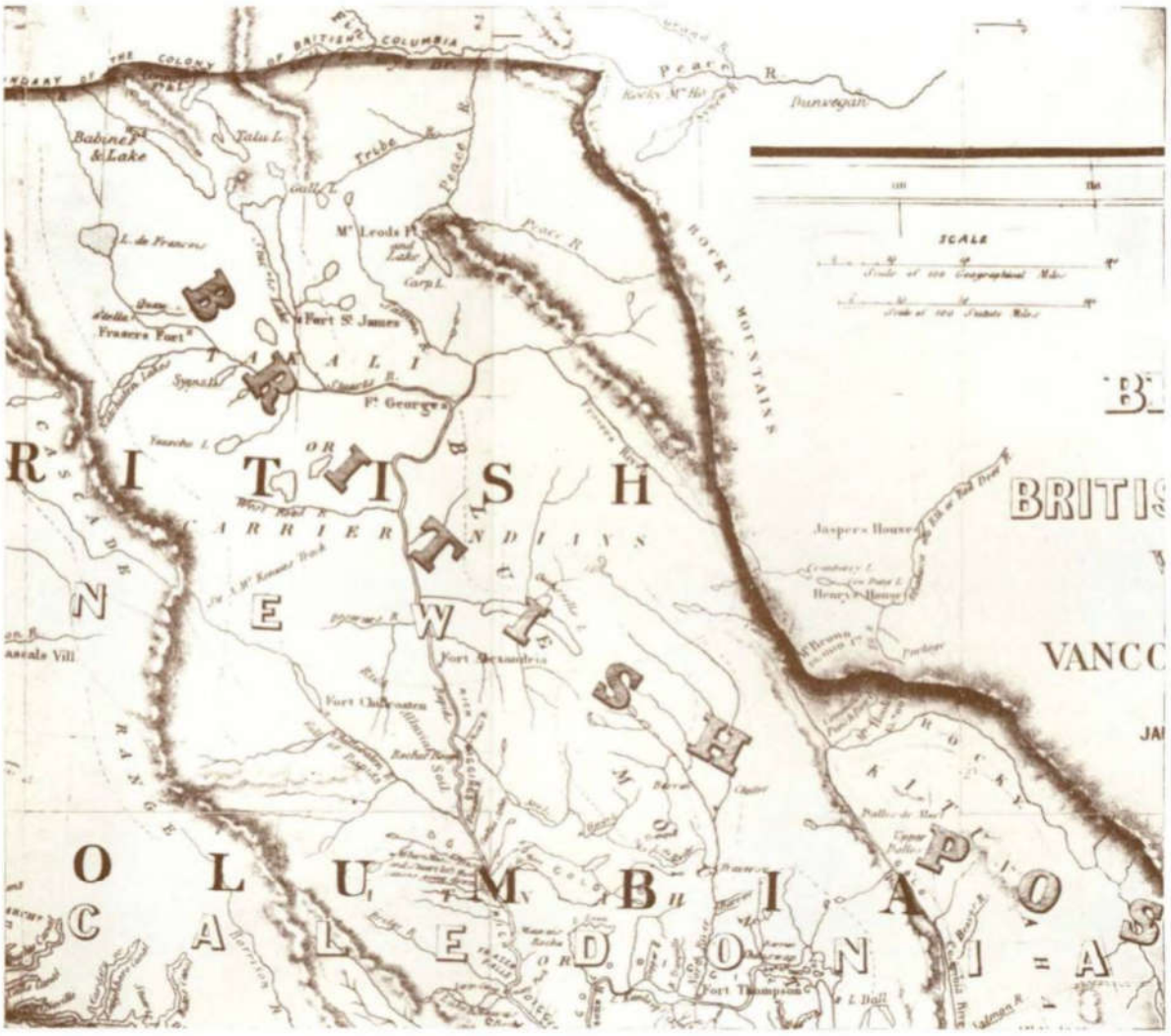
Fort George, built at the confluence of the Nechako and Tatcouche Tesse (Fraser River) in 1807, was the post from which Fraser began his memorable voyage to the sea. 65 years ago it looked like this, with the Fraser in the foreground and the old bed of the Nechako, now dried up, on the left. Today the site of the fort is within the city of Prince George.

known as Fort St. James. Fort George, at the confluence of the Nechako and Fraser Rivers, came into existence in 1807. No other post in New Caledonia was established by the North West Company until 1821 when just before the union of the two companies Fort Alexandria was built.

It was from Fort George that Simon Fraser, John Stuart, and their men started in 1808 on the great descent of the Fraser River. It was a perilous journey which ended on July 2nd at Musqueam on the north bank of Fraser River near its mouth. The hostility of the natives prevented Fraser from going on to the Gulf of Georgia, but he was able to take an observation for latitude which proved to him that the river which he had been following was not the Columbia. Fraser, Stuart and their party returned safely to Fort George. They had found a new route to the Pacific but the hazards were too great. As George Simpson was to learn to his cost in 1828 the Fraser could never be a main artery of the fur trade. The grim old river did not come into its own until the gold rush of 1858.

The explorations of David Thompson west of the Rockies during the years 1807 to 1812 do not form part of the story of New Caledonia but they had one profound effect on the subsequent development of the central interior, namely, the opening of a way to the south from Fort St. James on Stuart Lake to Astoria (Fort George) near the mouth of the Columbia River. In 1813 John Stuart followed the water route from Stuart Lake by way of the Stuart, Nechako and Fraser Rivers to near Alexandria. He next went overland to Kamloops, on to Okanagan Lake, down the west side of the lake and then followed the Okanagan River to its confluence with the Columbia. There, apparently, he obtained a canoe, went down the Columbia to Astoria and was present at the "sale" of that post to the North West Company. Stuart's route was regularly used by the Hudson's Bay Company after 1826 for taking out furs and bringing in trade goods to New Caledonia.

Life in New Caledonia was hard. Daniel Williams Harmon, a Yankee in the service of the North West Company who spent over ten years west of the Rockies, has in his journal vividly portrayed the scarcity of provisions, especially when the annual salmon run was late. The



New Caledonia is shown on this map of 1858, the year the colony of British Columbia was created. Fort Thompson (near bottom) is now called Kamloops. B.C. Archives.

Carriers, who inhabited what might be termed the heart of New Caledonia, the valleys of the upper Fraser, the Blackwater, Nechako and Bulkley Rivers, and the vicinity of Stuart and Babine Lakes, were fish-eaters who also hunted caribou, bear, porcupine, beaver and smaller animals. The Sekani, who frequented the Finlay, Parsnip and Peace Rivers, were outside of the salmon area, but they hunted moose and caribou and despised the fish-eating Carriers. There were no buffalo in New Caledonia. In the south deer were fairly plentiful but they did not go to any extent north of the limits of the Douglas fir. At certain seasons ducks and geese were abundant, but the salmon was the real staff of life in most parts of New Caledonia.

In 1820-21, just before the union of the companies, George Simpson stationed in Athabasca was busily making plans for the Hudson's Bay Company to invade New Caledonia. He was even making provision for the storing of ample supplies in the company's trading posts in Peace River. The Union of 1821, however, changed Simpson's plans and he became the Governor of the Northern Department of Rupert's Land. It was not until 1824 that he visited the Columbia and until 1828 that he set foot in New Caledonia. These two historic visits were to have lasting effects upon the policy of the Hudson's Bay Company west of the Rockies. On each occasion Simpson was, of course, acting under instructions from the headquarters of the Company in London.

As early as February 27, 1822, the Governor and Committee had written to Simpson regarding the trade of the Columbia, and even proposed for his consideration the

possibility of abandoning the trading posts on the Columbia and withdrawing to New Caledonia. In the same letter there was mention made of the claims of the Russians to the North West coast as far down as 51° north latitude. The Governor and Committee stated, "We think it desirable to extend our trading posts as far to the West and North from Fraser River in Caledonia as may be practicable, if there appears any reasonable prospect of doing so profitably."

Governor Simpson in 1824 set out from York Factory for the Columbia, arriving at Fort George (Astoria) on November 8th. He at once despatched James McMillan and a party to explore the lower Fraser River and to report on the possibility of building a post at a strategic spot far enough from the river's mouth to secure the Indian trade and to compete with the American maritime traders. In 1827 Fort Langley was constructed on the south bank of the Fraser about thirty miles from its mouth. Obedient, as always, to his instructions, Simpson established Fort Vancouver on the north bank of the Columbia, near the site of the present city of Vancouver, Washington, in 1825. Until he made his second journey in 1828, Simpson was seriously considering the possibility of making Fort Langley rather than Fort Vancouver the chief depot of the Hudson's Bay Company west of the Rockies. But the dangers encountered in the journey by boat from Kamloops to Fort Langley convinced the governor that "Fraser's River can no longer be thought of as a practicable communication with the interior." From Fort Langley Simpson and his party, in two boats built at that post, went down the Fraser to its mouth, down the Gulf of Georgia, past Point Roberts through the Gulf Islands to Puget Sound, sighting in turn Mount Baker, Mount Rainier and Mount St. Helen's. At the south end of Puget Sound the governor and his officers and men burnt their boats to prevent them falling into the hands of the Indians, crossed the Cowlitz Portage and obtained canoes from the natives at the head of Cowlitz River. They reached Fort Vancouver on October 25, 1828.

Governor Simpson spent the winter at Fort Vancouver where he and Chief Factor Dr. John McLoughlin had plenty of opportunity to discuss the trade of the Columbia, of New Caledonia and of the North West coast. Simpson also investigated the problems raised by American competition in the Snake River country, but noted that there was as yet little danger of American settlement on the Willamette River south of Fort Vancouver. He was much interested in the information he obtained regarding the activities of the Russian-American Fur Company and of the American maritime fur traders. He was already considering plans for a trading agreement with the Russians and was preparing to raise the price of skins so high that the Americans could not compete. He noted that the fur trade on the North West coast was "by no means so extended as we were led to suppose," and stated that the American annual returns for some years previously had not exceeded 600 sea otters, and about 6000 beavers and land otters. "The greater part of the Land Furs," he added, "is got from the Port of Nass, entrance of Simpson's River, and they find their way from the unexplored parts of New Caledonia to the Northward of our Babine Establishment." Simpson concluded that the portion of the country from Fraser River up to Latitude 54°, "is beyond all doubt valuable from the number of land skins that find their way to the coast; and there is every reason to believe that the land skins, obtained by the Russians, likewise find their way from the interior country north of 54, which we have information of being rich."

To break with this profitable trade Governor Simpson suggested the building of a fur trading post at the mouth of Simpson's River, known on modern maps as the Nass River. He also favoured the employment of two vessels on the coast "to ensure early success in the important object of driving the American adventurers from the coast." If the Americans could be got rid of, and if the Russians would enter into a trade agreement, the future of the Hudson's Bay Company west of the Rockies would be much brighter. Unfortunately the problem of sovereignty over Old Oregon, that vast territory extending from the Rockies to the Pacific and from California to Alaska, was not yet settled and was to remain so until 1846, but Simpson had fair hopes that the British could maintain their hold on most of it. New Caledonia was, therefore, of greater strategic importance than ever before. Even if the Columbia was lost and the boundary fixed at 49°N., although much was lost much still would remain and the Great Company would retain a rich section of its great fur preserve west of the mountains.

From New Caledonia "feelers" were to be thrust out towards the Pacific coast and also into the wild north land. These feelers were of two kinds, exploring expeditions and the foundation of new trading posts. Two explorers, John M. McLeod and Robert Campbell, made important discoveries. In 1823 McLeod left Fort Simpson on Mackenzie River and ascended the Liard and South Nahanni rivers in search of the elusive Nahanni tribe. He was successful and in 1829 Fort Halkett was established on the west branch of the Liard. From Fort Halkett McLeod in 1834 made his way upstream to a river which already had been named for Chief Factor Peter Warren Dease. This stream led to a lake which McLeod called Dease Lake. Crossing a well-marked Indian trail over a

Babineville, at the outlet of Lake Babine, in 1891

height of land McLeod came upon the headwater of the Stikine and for some distance continued down that river which he named the Frances after Lady Simpson. Two years later John Hutchison, McLeod's successor, penetrated farther down the Stikine but turned back for fear of an attack from the so-called "Russian Indians" from the sea coast.

Robert Campbell in 1836-37 wintered at Fort Halkett and established a fort on Dease Lake in 1837. He went down the Stikine to a rendezvous with the Nahanni and there met the well-known chief "Shakes." Campbell wintered at Dease Lake, 1837-38, but had no success with hunting and fishing. He and his men would probably have starved, and they might even have been killed by hostile natives, if it had not been for the timely action of a friendly Nahanni chieftainess, who by her queenly bearing and dauntless courage, saved the white men's lives. Having abandoned the unprofitable post at Dease Lake Robert Campbell wintered at Fort Halkett in 1839-40. He set out in 1840 on a series of explorations toward the north which finally brought him to the Pelly and Lewes rivers, tributaries of the mighty Yukon.

New posts were established farther south. As early as 1822 Chief Trader William Brown founded Fort Kilmaurs near the northern end of Babine Lake. Brown named this post after his native parish in Ayrshire, Scotland. In 1826 Fort Connolly was built on Bear Lake, also known as Connolly's Lake, with the purpose of securing the trade of the venison-eating northern Sekani Indians. The post of Babine Lake was important as a link with the Skeena River tribes, but it was still necessary to penetrate into the Chilcotin country west of the main stream of the Fraser. There was bad blood between the Chilcotins and the Fraser River tribes, and it was not till the early 1830s that a post was established among the Chilcotins. Even then it met with very little success.

On the whole Simpson's plans for New Caledonia never worked out any too well. One reason was the lack of game. In modern days New Caledonia has plenty of wild life. The moose in fact have come in from the northeast and have penetrated farther and farther south. The advance of settlement and lumbering operations have produced burnt over areas in which the new growth provides the moose with their favourite food, the tender branches of young trees. But in Sir George Simpson's day New Caledonia was a poor fur-trading area and the fish-eating natives cared little for the fur trade. In addition the "grease trails" were controlled by the coast Indians. The Indian hunters in the central interior were semi-nomadic and wandered far from the white man's trading posts. Need one wonder that New Caledonia was regarded as a Siberia of the Hudson's Bay Company? •

A grouse chick picks his way through last year's leaves.

FOCUS ON YOUTH

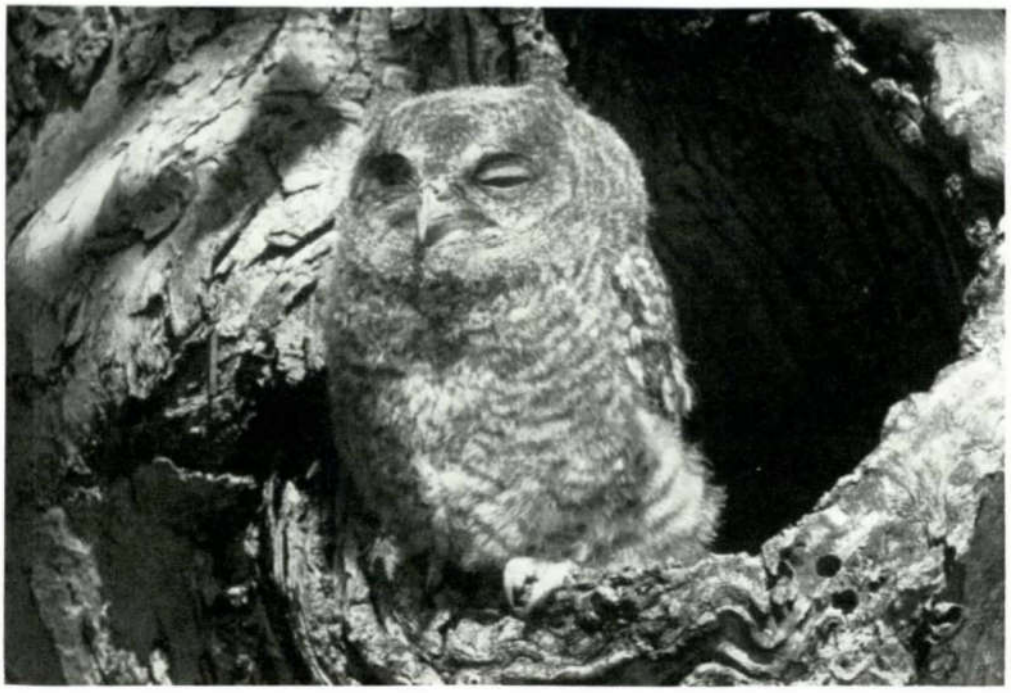
Supposedly unseen in his dappled coat, a white-tailed fawn eyes the camera without fear.

by LEONARD LEE RUE

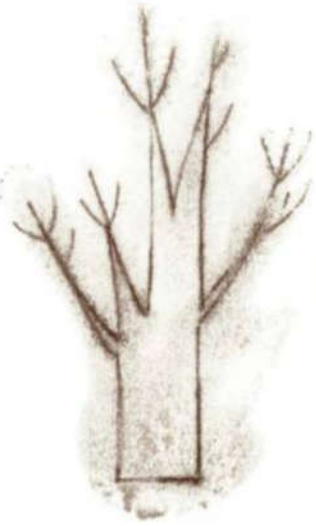
Quick studies of small wild folk, enjoying their first summer in the woods and prairies.

Mr. Rue of Camp Pahaquarra, Columbia, N.J., is a professional wildlife photographer who takes parties of boys on canoe trips into the Canadian bush.

Bison cow with newborn calves (not all her own).



Like a little old man, a young screech owl suns himself on his doorstep.



A baby cottontail hopes
he is not observed.

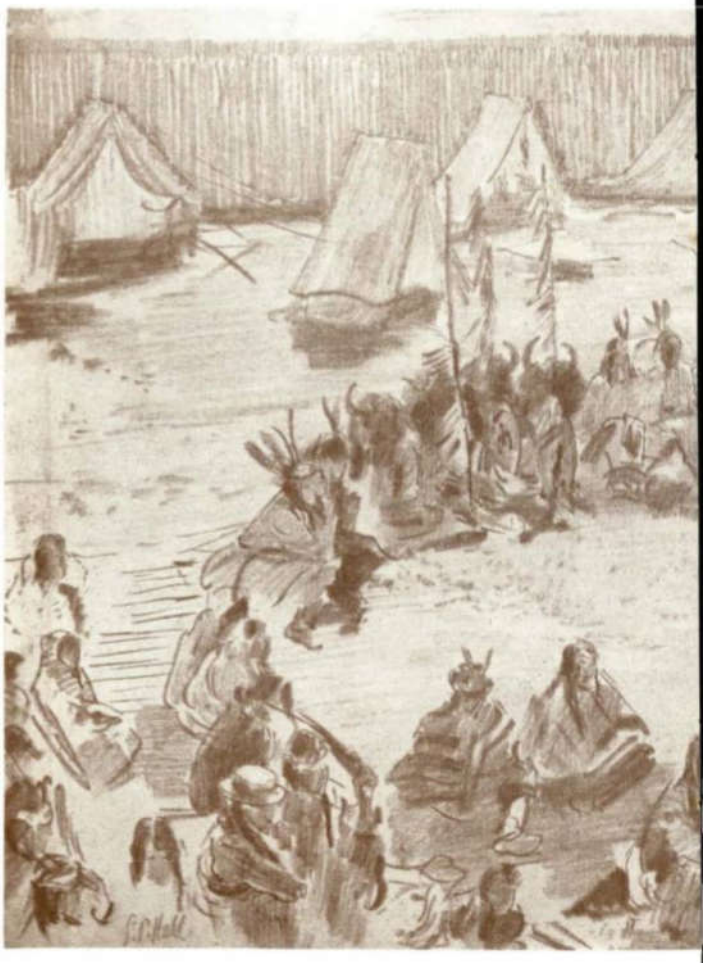
FOCUS ON YOUTH

Inquisitive fox.

POW-WOW

by James McCook

When it came to speechmaking, the Red Man was far from taciturn.



AN ill-founded legend insists that Indians are inarticulate, content to make "How!" a conversation.

Indians love to talk. An early Jesuit missionary reported: "There is no place in the world where Rhetoric is more powerful than in Canada." Tribes elected captains for their eloquence and Parkman described the Iroquois orators "high in honor and influence among the people. To a huge stock of conventional metaphors, the use of which required nothing but practice, they often added an astute intellect, an astonishing memory, and an eloquence which deserved the name."

In 1812 Chief Blackbird of the Ottawas spoke for fourteen hours in persuading a group of his people to assist the British in fighting the Americans. Modern members of Parliament, limited to forty minutes for a speech, will have noted that the Ottawas were mad for the fray when the chief had finished, thus proving that a long speech is not necessarily ineffective.

Indians had spellbinding qualities. Chief Poundmaker entertained the Marquis of Lorne with tales of Cree derring-do when the Governor-General toured the Prairies in 1881, and never dropped a hint that his loyalty was so fragile he could be fighting the Queen's soldiers four years later.

Chief Sitting Bull of the Sioux, a displaced person in Canada after the Custer Massacre on the Little Big

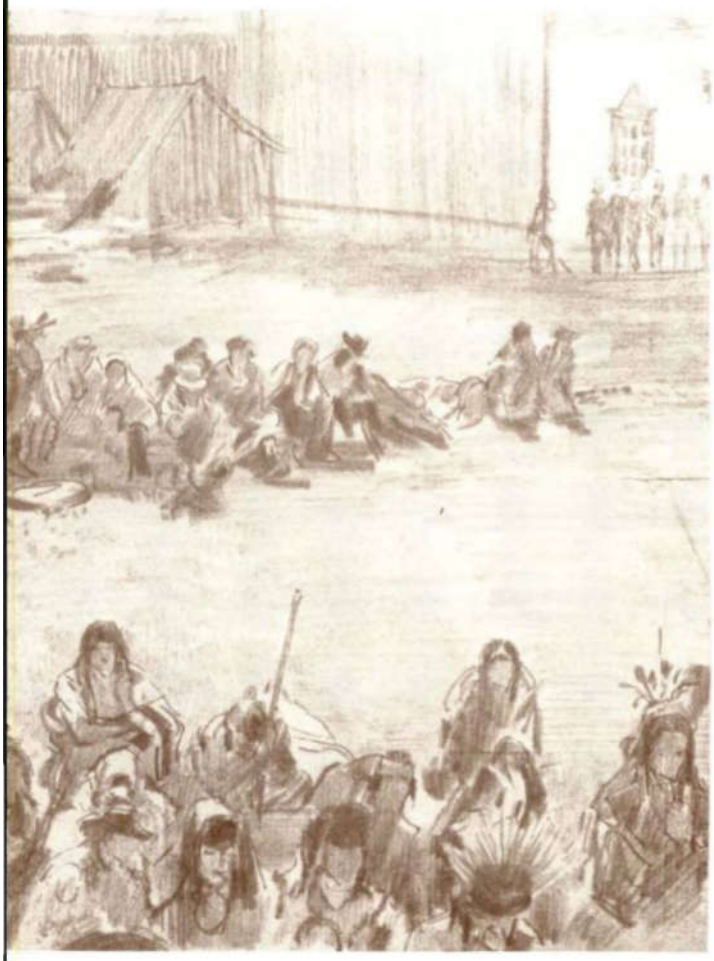
Mr. McCook of the Ottawa "Journal" became interested in the sidelights of Western history when he was a reporter on prairie newspapers. His contributions to the "Beaver" include "Peers on the Prairie" and "Pioneers Preferred Pianos."

Horn, was as fluent as a Chautauqua lecturer in his peroration. His specialty was calling down maledictions on the Americans.

Chief Crowfoot of the Blackfeet was capable of an emotional speech on any occasion, even on his death-bed.

These Indians, part of a select company, were impressive. Others were crashing bores.

North-West Mounted Police detachments, either hot and thirsty or bored and freezing, listened with monumental patience to Blackfeet speeches, accepting them as part of the paleface burden. After an hour of impassioned oratory and grand gesture, the unimpressed interpreter, Jerry Potts, would boil it down to: "He says it is good."



Indians at Fort Qu'Appelle on the visit of Lord Lorne in 1881. From the sketch book of Sydney Hall of the "Graphic," now held by the Public Archives of Canada.

Long-winded Indian perorations left treaty commissioners glassy-eyed in the 1870s. They must have come to fear speeches as much as scalping knives.

Though Indians were usually blest with a good sense of humour, they never told jokes; speech was a serious business. The stranded and starving tribesman who told rescuing whites, "Indian no lost, teepee lost," didn't mean to be funny; but he has been quoted as a laughing boy of the grass country since the Battle of Seven Oaks.

Even without words Indians could be eloquent. Lady Dufferin described the meeting of her husband, the Governor-General, with a Manitoba Indian who had only "Ah! Eh! Ah! Eh!" for a vocabulary. "But one understood his gratitude, his wonder, his assent, all his feelings perfectly well each time he emitted a sound," she wrote.

No Indian speech has been quoted more often than that of Saltatha reported in Warburton Pike's *The Barren Ground of Northern Canada*. The Indian spoke to the missionary who had preached of the beauties of Heaven:

"My father, you have spoken well. You have told me that Heaven is very beautiful; tell me now one thing more. Is it more beautiful than the country of the musk-ox in summer, when sometimes the mist blows over the lakes, and sometimes the water is blue, and the loons cry very often? That is beautiful; and if Heaven is still more beautiful, my heart will be glad and I shall be content to rest there till I am very old."

Indian speeches were heard in eerie circumstances. In May 1897, the police at last surrounded Almighty Voice in the bush near Duck Lake. In the opening fight he and his two companions killed one policeman and wounded another. As night fell Almighty Voice became an orator and the police heard him:

"Brothers, we've had a good fight today. I've worked hard and am hungry. You have plenty of food; send me in some. Tomorrow we will finish the fight."

When the shelling of the bush began, the mother of Almighty Voice, seated on a nearby rise, chanted her son's death song, recounting his prowess in battle, his skill in hunting and his great deeds. She called on him to die as a brave; and he did.

Indian speeches did not need to be long to be effective. Imagine the deflation of the farm instructor who had shown Prairie Indians agricultural machinery, described the advantages of raising cattle and praised the beauty of fields in crop only to be rewarded with the grave comment:

"It would have been better to give us some buffalo."

The Indian treaty commissioners had notes taken of their negotiations and their reports are a storehouse of primitive oratory.

When the Ojibways met the commissioners and heard their proposals at the Northwest Angle on Lake of the Woods in 1873, the chief speaker, Mawedopenais, was uncertain and said:

"The sound of the rustling of gold is under my feet where I stand; we have a rich country; it is the Great Spirit who gave us this; where we stand upon is the Indians' property, and belongs to them."

"The sound of the rustling of gold. . . ." The most polished and experienced orator could envy that phrase.

When the treaty had been signed Mawedopenais told the white men:

"Now you see me stand before you all; what has been done here today has been done openly before the Great Spirit and before the nation, and I hope I may never hear anyone say that this treaty has been done secretly. And now in closing this council, I take off my glove and in giving you my hand I deliver over my birthright and lands, and in taking your hand I hold fast all the promises you have made, and I hope they will last as long as the sun rises and the water flows, as you have said."

At the treaty talks at Fort Carlton, Chief Sweetgrass of the Crees, an honourable man in all his acts, said:

"May the white man's blood never be spilt on this earth. I am thankful that the white man and the red man stand together. When I hold your hand and touch your heart, let us be as one."

General Fred Middleton, commander of the forces in the Riel Rebellion, made the common mistake of thinking Indians less astute than they were. When Poundmaker made his surrender, Middleton goaded him that after he had joined Riel he "like a squaw, was afraid."

Poundmaker, warrior and philosopher, puffed a cloud of smoke from his pipe and replied amiably: "I am sorry, I feel in my heart I am such a person as I am."

Then there was the Cree woman whose son, Breaking-through-the-Ice, asked that she be allowed to speak to the general.

"We don't listen to women," said Middleton, gruffly.

The old lady asked if it was not true that he had been sent to fight by the Queen, who was a woman.

"She has councillors who are men," said the general, after a pause.

His official report on this incident perhaps gives the Indian woman less than her due, but here it is:

"Poundmaker opened the ball by making a long oration, embellished with allegories and the usual Indian flower of speech. . . . Several braves followed him, but it was difficult to understand what they were driving at. At last a squaw came forward and wanted to make a speech, but I objected, saying that, like the Indians themselves, we did not admit women to our councils in wartime, and that I could not listen to her. When this was translated to her, the dirty but crafty old woman remarked that we ourselves were ruled by a woman. In answer, I allowed that such was the case, but pointed out that our gracious Queen only spoke on war matters through her councillors, among whom there was no woman. The old lady did not seem to like it and she was dragged away, grumbling loudly, by some of her friends."

We trust Queen Victoria was amused.

Unlike their paleface brothers, Indians have spent little time on romantic speeches. An impressive speech about women, less than flattering by modern standards, was made to Hearne by Matonabbee, his guide in the Barrens and the husband of six stalwart wives:

"Women were made for labour; one of them can carry or haul as much as two men can do. They also patch our tents, make and mend our clothing, keep us warm at night; and in fact there is no such thing as travelling any considerable length of time in this country without their assistance. Women, although they do everything, are maintained at a trifling expense; for as they always stand cook, the very licking of their fingers in scarce times is sufficient for their subsistence."

Matonabbee was a practical man who did not spend time on imagery; equally plainspoken was a Piegan chief whose band had suffered in a fight with whites across the border. Capt. W. F. Butler in 1870 reported that the Indian used these words to a priest:

"What does the white man want in our land? You tell us he is strong and rich, and has plenty food to eat; for what then does he come to our land? We have only the buffalo and he takes that from us. See the buffalo how they dwell with us; they care not for the closeness of our lodges, the smoke of our campfires does not frighten them, the shouts of our young men will not drive them away; but behold how they flee from the sight, the sound and the smell of the white man!

". . . The Great Spirit gave us the beasts and the fishes and the white man comes to take the waters and the ground where these fishes and these beasts live. Why does he not take the sky as well as the ground?"

The reverence for the Supreme Being always was there. Rev. Egerton Young in his *By Canoe and Dog-train* noted the Indian satisfaction in thinking of God as a father, and he quoted a Nelson River chief:

"I hear God in the thunder, in the tempest, and in the storm; I see his power in the lightning that strikes the tree into kindling wood; I see his goodness in giving us, when the south winds blow, the ducks and geese. And when the snow and ice melt away, and our lakes and rivers are open again, I see how he fills them with fish."

The pagan Indians at Saddle Lake told Canon William Newton of their respect for their ancestors:

"Some of us here are not Christian Indians, and we do not like to leave the way of our fathers. They were often good men and taught us to fear and serve the Good Spirit, and we do not like to leave the way they taught us. The Christian religion, you say, teaches us to honour our parents."

The missionary told them their parents had lived according to their light but now they had a brighter light.

Metaphor never failed the Indian. An old man dying at Berens River said. "This poor weak body is like the old wigwam. It is breaking up."

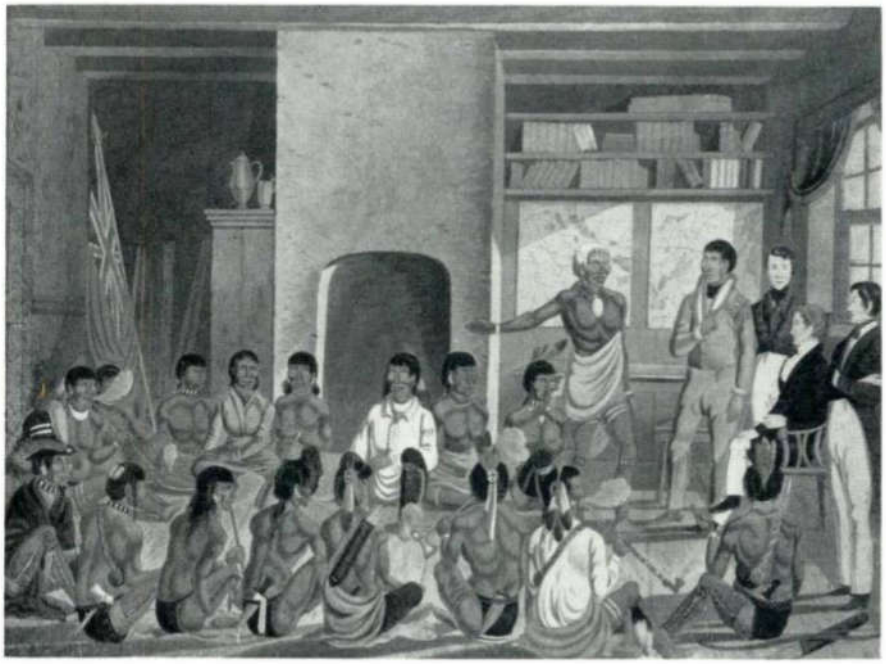
Chief Crowfoot was matchless, even among his Blackfeet to whom good words came easily. At the Blackfeet Treaty ceremony in 1877 he said:

"If the police had not come to this country where would we all be now? Bad men and whisky were killing us so fast that very few indeed of us would have been left today. The police have protected us as the feathers of the bird protect it from the frosts of winter."

When the 1885 rebellion began he declared:

"I am sitting on the fence. I am a friend to the white man and to Indians. To rise, there must be an object. To rebel, there must be a wrong to avenge. To do one or the other we must fully understand what the result will be

The Sioux chief Standing Buffalo addressing the Marquis of Lorne.
Public Archives.



Chief of the Chippewas of Red Lake (Minn.) orates before Gov. Bulger of Assiniboia at Fort Douglas (Winnipeg) May 22, 1823. From an original water-colour by Peter Rindisbacher.
Courtesy W. A. Bulger.

Pontiac addresses Major Gladwyn at Detroit in 1763.
C. W. Jeffreys
Imperial Oil Collection.

good or bad. Why should we kill you and you kill us? Let the Great White Queen know we are for peace. I have spoken."

In 1890 he lay dying in his teepee, and he came from unconsciousness to give this last beautiful message to his people:

"A little while and Crowfoot will be gone from among you—whither, he cannot tell. From nowhere we come, into nowhere we go.

"What is life? It is as the flash of a firefly in the night. It is as the breath of a buffalo in the winter time. It is as the little shadow that runs across the grass and loses itself in the sunset.

"I have spoken." •

Mr. Crisp was formerly with the Hudson's Bay fur trade in northern British Columbia. He is the author of "Ookpik" and of "White Gold in the Cassiar" which won the "Boy's Life"-Dodd, Mead prize competition last year.

TAHLTAN BEAR DOG

by W. G. Crisp

Drawings by Clarence Tillenius

THE only domestic animal possessed by the inhabitants of North America before the coming of the white man was the dog. South of the arctic tundra it was apparently not used as a draught animal. Excavations of middens in the Pacific Northwest have yielded skeletal remains, from five hundred to a thousand years old, of medium sized dogs, probably a little larger than fox terriers. In the last five hundred years before the arrival of the European explorers it is thought that the culture of the Northwest Pacific coast natives underwent little change.

Therefore it is probable that the remains found in the middens represent the same type of dogs that were recorded by Captain Vancouver among the Coast Salish in 1790, of which he wrote: "The dogs belonging to this tribe of Indians were numerous and much resembled those of Pomerania, though in general somewhat larger. They were all shorn as close to the skin as sheep in England; and so compact were their fleeces that a large portion could be lifted by a corner without causing any separation. They were composed of a mixture of a coarse kind of wool with very fine long hairs, capable of being spun into yarn." A painting by Paul Kane, dated 1848, showing one of these dogs freshly shorn, with a woman in the background spinning, is the only illustration in existence of the so-called "woolly dog." Robert James Anderson mentioned in his memoirs of his boyhood at Fort Victoria in 1850: "In the Indian Village were a great many of the small white woolly Indian dogs which have since become extinct." (*Beaver*, March 1951, p. 21.)

Twenty years before, Sir John Richardson had described a small dog used for hunting by the Hare Indians in the vicinity of Great Bear Lake, but these dogs, like the "woolly dogs" of the Pacific Coast, apparently became extinct soon after the middle of the nineteenth century. The Eskimo dog appeared to be the only survivor in Canada of an aboriginal breed. In 1915, however, James Teit, while engaged in research among the Tahltan Indians of the Stikine River, reported the existence of a small breed of native dogs. They were known locally as Bear Dogs because in the past they had been used extensively in the hunting of black bear, especially in the spring when a small dog could move quickly on the crust and hold a bear in deep snow until it was killed with bow and arrow or muzzle loader.

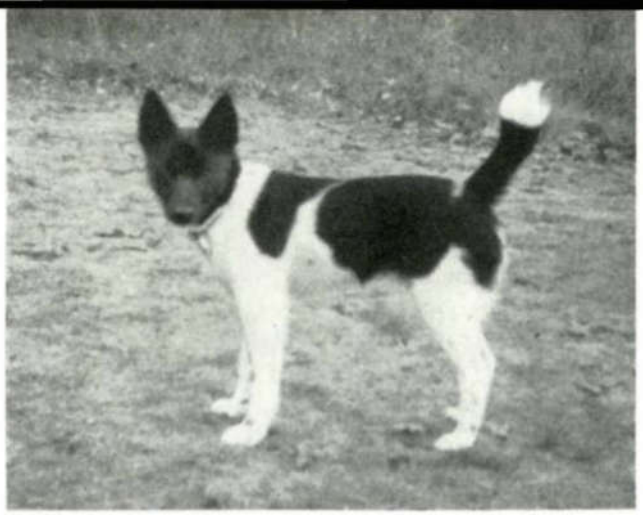
These quick-moving, alert little dogs were common in the Cassiar when I was at Telegraph Creek in 1931. Generally black and white in colour, sometimes bluish-grey, they ranged in weight from ten to fifteen pounds, the smaller ones with predominantly black colouring being regarded as most typical of the breed. Their glossy coat was clean to touch, long guard hairs concealed thick woolly underfur, and there was a pronounced neck-ruff and long hairs on the flanks. They had the sharp muzzle and prick ears common to other small breeds of native dogs; but a distinctive feature was a straight, short bushy tail, five to ten inches long. Long hairs on the tail gave it the appearance of a giant shaving brush and it was entirely different from the long curled tail shown in an illustration of the Hare Indian dog published in 1829. Although their name indicated an animal of great ferocity, these Bear Dogs were friendly and affectionate by nature but at the same time inclined to be independent and suspicious of strangers.

We soon acquired a female puppy from the Indians, in spite of warning from old time residents of the country that her shrill yapping would drive us to distraction. It turned out however that there was always a reason for Wendy's staccato yelping; such as the time at Dease Lake when a moose walked between the store and the warehouse. She became the quietest and most obedient dog we have owned—and that covers two or three "civilized" breeds, highly recommended as household pets.

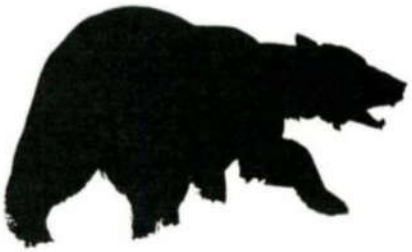
Wendy was pure white with a black face; she was mated with a small black-type Bear Dog at Dease Lake and gave birth to four pups. Two of these resembled the mother, one was black with white paws and chest like the father, and the fourth was bluish-grey. Two of these pups remained in the country and lived out their normal life span, but two which were sent outside died, apparently from distemper.

During the next five years our Bear Dog accompanied us on our travels throughout the southern half of the province, behaving so well in car, steamer or train that her presence was scarcely noticeable. Only once do I recall her attracting attention; that was in Vancouver when she was taken on a shopping expedition. She had never seen a meat cache of the proportions of a city meat market and retreated into the middle of a busy street, exploding into her characteristic shrill yelps of alarm. A street car ground to a stop and curious passengers stared while the motorman got out to ask, "What kind of a dog is *that*?" There was no time to explain the exotic phrase "Tahltan Bear Dog" as I ordered Wendy out of the way of the line of honking cars.

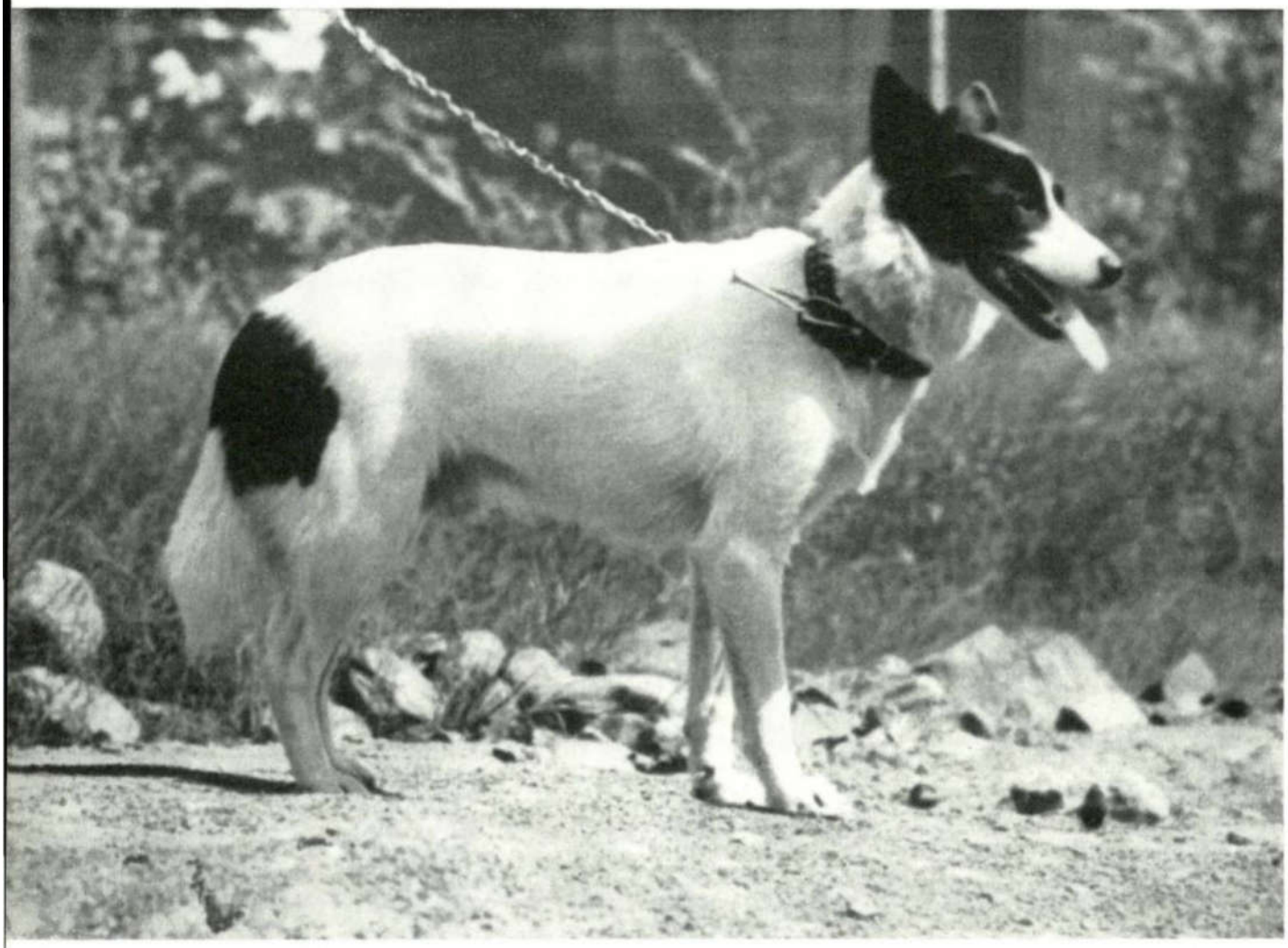
We visited a large poultry ranch in the Fraser Valley and the dog which had never seen a domestic fowl before, but had flushed hundreds of grouse from the jack pine terraces of the Cassiar, stayed obediently at my heels as a thousand White Leghorns milled around her. On the other hand I have heard of a Bear Dog that was brought outside having to be destroyed because it could not be



"Tipi," a Tahltan Indian bear dog that was owned by Commissioner T. W. S. Parsons of the B.C. Provincial Police.



A bear dog once owned by Dr. Leo P. Bott of Little Rock, Arkansas. He is now to be seen in a glass case in the National Museum, Ottawa.



cured of killing chickens. The same problem has arisen many times with almost any domestic breed one can think of, and there seems no basic difference in this respect between the Tahltan and any other type of dog; all being influenced by environment and training as much as by any hereditary traits.

It is natural, though, that the Tahltan dog should retain a strong instinct for hunting. One instance that comes to mind concerns a Bear Dog in California which, without previous training, flushed quail from a thicket so dense that an experienced Springer spaniel refused to try and penetrate it.

Eventually we were transferred back to Telegraph Creek and there Wendy died of old age in 1939. About that time Commissioner T. W. S. Parsons and Constable J. B. Gray of the B.C. Police were instrumental in having a number of Tahltan dogs sent outside, where they were recognized as a distinct breed by the Canadian Kennel Club. A standard of characteristics was drawn up, but as far as I know they have never distinguished themselves in the show ring. It must certainly require great patience to train one of these dogs to stand still long enough to hold the conventional dog show pose.

The only dogs I have been able to trace belonged to a dog fancier in Southern Ontario, who was enthusiastic about the Bear Dogs as pets, but whose activities had been curtailed by ill health. Some pups had been shipped to California and it is to be hoped that somewhere a nucleus of breeding stock still exists that will save the Tahltan dog from the same fate as the woolly dog of the coast. In its native habitat the Bear Dog has by now become mongrelized to the extent that it is unrecognizable as a distinct type.

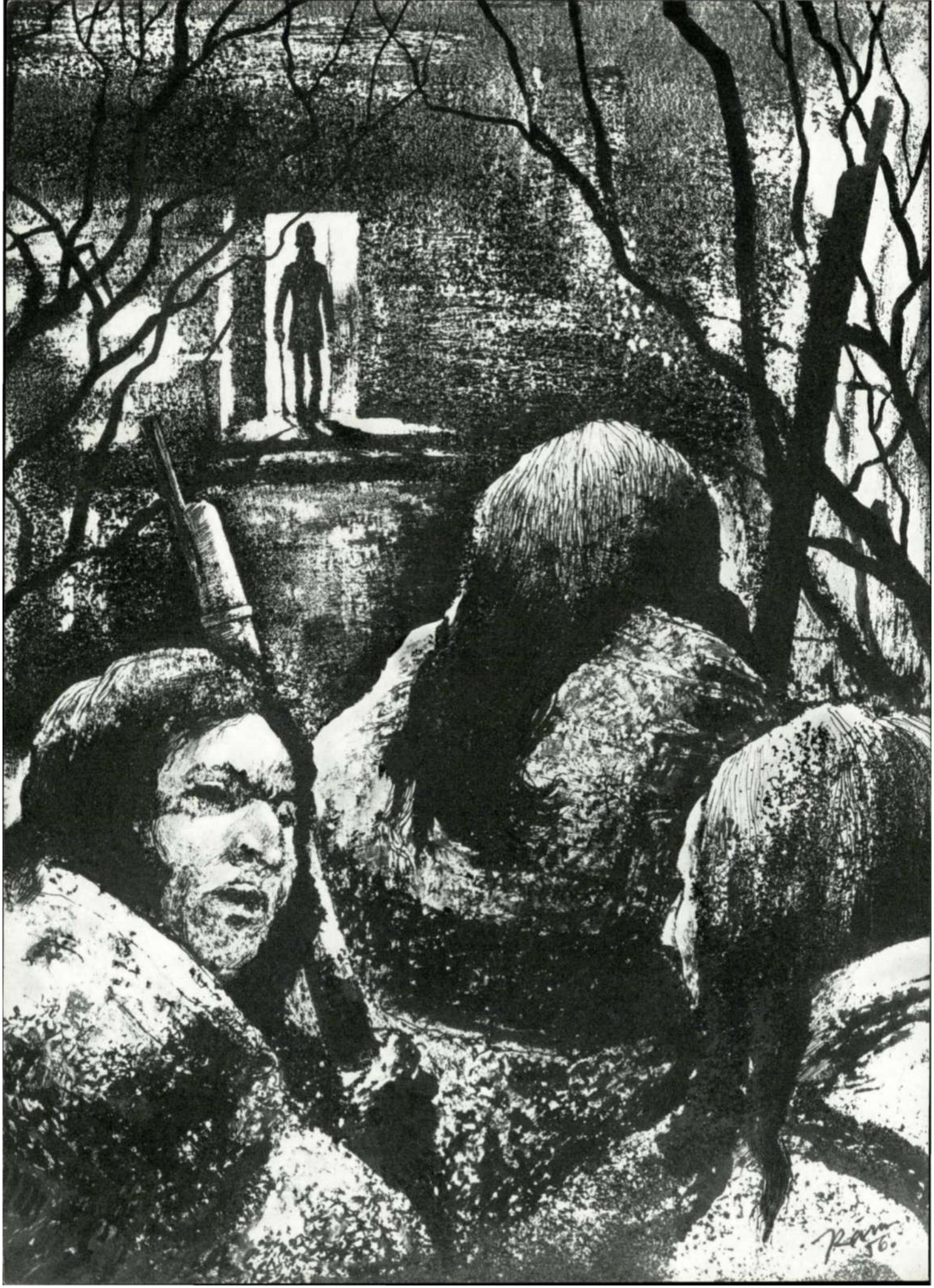
It is curious that they should have survived at all into this century. The area in which they were known to exist —the headwaters of the Stikine and Taku Rivers and the Atlin Lake country—was not exceptionally isolated and had been swept over by two successive gold rushes; in the '70s and in 1898. While there seems no doubt that the older generation of Tahltan Indians held a higher regard for their small hunting dogs than is usually credited to other tribes, it is rather unlikely that any selective breeding of the animals was carried out.

Since nomadic tribes of the Athapascan stock left no middens for the archaeologists to excavate there is very little to tell us of the past. One or two folk legends recorded by Teit mention small dogs used for hunting—that is all. The number of modern specimens available for study is not sufficient to give definite clues to the origin of the Tahltan dog. In 1931, Dr. Diamond Jenness of the National Museum collected all information and material available and passed it on to Professor G. M. Allen of Harvard University, an authority on aboriginal American dogs. Dr. Allen concluded: "I think there can be little doubt that the Bear Dog represents the same breed as the Hare Indian Dog described by Sir John Richardson."

Richardson had written that the Hare Indian dog bore the same relation to the prairie wolf that the Eskimo dog did to the great grey wolf; meaning that the latter had been evolved by domestication of the wolf and the smaller dog by domestication of the coyote. Many modern authorities however have come to the conclusion that all aboriginal dogs of North America originated in the Old World and followed mankind in successive waves of migration from Northern Asia across Bering Strait. The dog, it must be remembered, is the only animal which could have withstood the rigours of such a long trek. It is pointed out that the resemblance of Eskimo dogs to wolves, and of smaller dogs to coyotes or foxes, is superficial; zoologists having little difficulty in distinguishing the skulls of domestic dogs from those of wild canids.

In 1948, Dr. William G. Haag published the results of an exhaustive study of dog remains found in excavations in Alaska, the Pacific Northwest and in the shell heaps of Kentucky, Alabama and Mississippi. In his summary he remarked: "They [the aboriginal breeds] are apparently related to Old World dogs at similar cultural levels, and the osteological characteristics do not show any resemblance to any native American canid."

I have watched a Bear Dog playing with a tame coyote, and certainly their appearance and actions seemed very similar; but no doubt the same could have been said had the dog involved been one of the Spitz group from Europe, which is generally admitted to have originated in Northern Asia. In fact breeds such as the Pomeranian, Keeshond and Schipperke, to name only a few, with their thick undercoat, prick ears and slender muzzles, all have as many points in common with the Tahltan dog as has the prairie wolf. It seems probable that British Columbia's Bear Dog is more closely related to commonly known European breeds than to any existing member of the wolf family. ♦



Mr. McKelvie is one of British Columbia's best known historical writers.

COLONEL EBEY'S HEAD

by B. A. McKelvie

THE Washington Territorial Legislature on January 20, 1860, unanimously gave solemn assent to a resolution of gratitude:

"Whereas, Col. Isaac N. Ebey, one of our most esteemed fellow citizens, was ruthlessly murdered by a band of savages residing in Russian America in the month of August A.D. 1857; and

"Whereas, said Col. Isaac N. Ebey was brutally murdered at his residence on Whidbey Island during the month aforesaid, and his head was dissevered from his body and carried off as a bloody trophy by the said band of savages, known by the name of 'Kakes,' and residing in Russian America, and

"Whereas, Captain Charles Dodd, a brave and gallant mariner, and commander of the Hudson's Bay Company's steamer Labouchere did risk his life and that of his crew, as well as the loss of his steamer, in his attempt to recover from the said tribe of savages the bloody relic above mentioned that he might thus be enabled to restore the same to the family of his murdered friend, Col. Ebey; and

"Whereas, Capt. Dodd, after a long and tedious negotiation, did, in the fall of 1859, succeed in getting said savages to surrender to him the said relic or Indian trophy, which he placed in the hands of A. M. Poe, Esq., to be by him delivered to the family of the said deceased Col. I. N. Ebey; therefore

"Be it resolved by the Legislative Assembly of the Territory of Washington, That the thanks of this Legislative Assembly be and the same are hereby tendered to Capt. Charles Dodd, for his bravery, gallantry, and acts of humanity, in having hazarded his own life and that of his crew, and the possible destruction of his vessel, in his untiring endeavors to procure the scalp of the lamented Col. Isaac N. Ebey.

"Resolved, That His Excellency the Governor of Washington Territority be requested to forward to Capt. Charles Dodd, at Victoria, British Columbia [sic], a copy of these resolutions."

Behind the formal wording of this grateful acknowledgement there lies one of the strangest tales of courage, persistence and dogged determination in the pursuit of a dangerous quest to be found in the exciting annals of the west coast. It is a story that has been slowly and laboriously pieced together, and it is only now—after nearly 100 years—that anything like a connected narrative is possible, as a result of the discovery in the B.C. Archives, of the trading journal of the S.S. *Labouchere* for 1859. This record shows the savagery, the treachery and the dangers encountered by Captain Dodd and the Hudson's Bay steamer in the hunt for Ebey's head. It also gives an illuminating insight into the constant vigilance that had to be maintained on every occasion by the traders among the warlike tribesmen of the North Pacific Coast.

Col. Isaac N. Ebey had been a leader in Territorial affairs in Washington for a number of years. He was well acquainted with frontier conditions, and had attained his military title through his command of a force in the Indian wars. Ebey was enthusiastically patriotic, and demonstrated this on many occasions by his hostility towards the Hudson's Bay Company. He had occupied public office as collector of customs for the United States government on Puget Sound, but later was elected prosecuting attorney for the Third Territorial District. The sitting of the court opened early in August, 1857, and was adjourned on the 11th. That same day a band of northern Indians of the Kake band of the Tlinkits, from Kupreanof Island, arrived on the beach of Whidbey Island near the home of Col. Ebey. "Blanket Bill" Jarman,* an old time Westerner, saw the visitors and did not like their appearance. They were unaccompanied by females and were wearing the sombre paint of war. Mrs. Corliss who with her husband Marshal G. W. Corliss was staying with Ebey also noted them and was apprehensive of their purpose. Moreover, Tom Hastie, the Colonel's hired man had been approached by them while he was at work in the hay field. They were polite—and spoke fair English—as they pressed their questioning. They wanted to know if there were any "white chiefs" about.

Ordinarily Col. Ebey was a cautious and careful man, but on this occasion he only scoffed at the fears of the others. "They are good Indians," he laughed as he brushed the reports aside. But he knew that the previous fall a noted northern chief had been one of the victims of a bombardment of the Kakes' camp at Port Ludlow, W.T., by the

*So named because the Hudson's Bay Company had ransomed him from his Indian captors with a large number of blankets.

Drawing by Kamienski.

U.S.S. *Massachusetts*, when 27 natives were killed and 31 were wounded out of a total of 117 braves. Ebey had set down in his diary the gruesome details of the manner in which the American forces had prevented the rescue of the wounded chief. "One woman was killed," he wrote. "She and another woman had come from the timber to the camp to carry off the chief who was wounded (both legs broken). They were called to come to the marines. One of them started to them, the other started to run off. She was fired upon and killed, six balls having taken effect in her body." The chief later died.

As a man conversant with Indian customs, Ebey well knew that the survivors and their compatriots would return at some future time to exact revenge. A chief had died—a chief must die; such was the blood-code of the Coast.

The Kake warriors did return to Puget Sound. They made discreet inquiries as to the various degrees of importance of "white chiefs." Their first choice was Dr. J. C. Kellogg, whom they thought must be of outstanding importance by reason of his good clothing. He too, lived on Whidbey Island. Dr. Kellogg, fortunately for him, was absent from the Island when the Kake braves arrived. It was then that, in answer to their queries about other white chiefs, Tom Hastie told them his employer, Col. Ebey was a *hyas tyee* (Mighty Chief). They thanked him and went off to await the coming of darkness.

It was after midnight when Ebey's little dog commenced barking viciously. The colonel rose and stepped out on the porch to silence the animal. As he did so, he fell with two bullets in his body.

Marshal Corliss slammed the door shut and barred it as he called to his wife and to Mrs. Ebey and her three children to make their escape. They did so, through a rear window, and fled in the darkness, while the Indians raked the night with bullets. They neared the home of another settler, and neighbours were called together to form a defence force. It was nearly daybreak when these volunteers cautiously approached the Ebey place. As they did so, they heard a big canoe scrape over the shingle, and paddles splash as the craft sped away in the blackness. They could only fire at the sound. Closing in on the house they found the headless body of Colonel Ebey on the porch of his ransacked house. A chief had died.

With all possible speed word of the atrocity was carried to Governor James Douglas at Victoria, who was also directing head of the Hudson's Bay Company on the Pacific Coast. Douglas knew very well how dangerous it would be to permit such a humiliating trophy of war to remain in the possession of the natives. It might place the life of every white man, woman, and child between the head of Puget Sound and Sitka in jeopardy. But Douglas had to be careful. So far the Indian tribes had not extended to the British possessions, the war that had been raging for several years to the south of the line. The Indians had respected the promises of the Great White Queen—or as she was known "King George's Klootchman"—and they relied upon the word of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Governor Douglas, representing the Colonial Government of Vancouver's Island, could take no official action, for the reasons that the crime was not committed within the jurisdiction, nor were the perpetrators residents of British territory, but of Alaska. But inasmuch as the Hudson's Bay Company had trading rights under lease from the Russians in that area, he gave orders for Captain Charles Dodd, of the steamer *Labouchere*, to institute a search for the barbaric trophy.

No more competent individual could have been entrusted with this grisly assignment than Charles Dodd, captain and chief trader in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. Born in Norwich, England in 1808, he had gone to sea as a youth. He came to the Pacific Coast as second officer on the pioneer steamer *Beaver* when she arrived at Fort Vancouver in 1836, being promoted to first officer shortly after his arrival. He later served on the barque *Coulitz* in a similar capacity. In 1842 he was in charge of Fort Durham, the Company's post at Taku Inlet, and the following year was given command of the *Beaver*, a position he held until 1852. Later he was placed in charge of the new paddle-wheel steamer *Labouchere*. Most of these active years had been spent amid the northern tribes, trading from village to village. It was a life that demanded the utmost in courage, knowledge of the complex protocol of aboriginal social organization, and understanding of the mercurial temperament of the savages.

Col. Isaac N. Ebey, who was killed and beheaded by Tlinkit Indians, and whose scalp was recovered two years later by Capt. Dodd of the "Labouchere."

By reason of their manner of warfare which was the sudden raid and quick retreat, northern warriors in search of human trophies usually cut off the heads of the chiefs they killed and fled with them. Later, the scalps were removed by the medicine man accompanying the war party when he had opportunity and leisure for performances of the rites that were required for this ceremony. The head of Col. Ebey was exhibited at several coastal villages by the boastful Tlinkits on their triumphal way north. Eventually a pause was made at Smith Island, north of the Skeena River, to permit the barbaric scalping ceremony to be performed. Here the skull was hidden. It was later discovered and was returned to relatives of the unfortunate man who had it interred in the same grave as the body. But the scalp was retained by the savages as glorious evidence that a great white chief had died in retaliation for the death of their leader.

Carefully Captain Dodd went about his task. Cautious questions eventually indicated that the scalp of Col. Ebey was held by one of the Tlinkit group on or near Frederick Sound, possibly at Kake village. It took some cautious enquiries to ascertain this fact. Then followed repeated visits and investigations to narrow the locality still more. At last it became clear that it was indeed at Kake. There during 1858 Captain Dodd tried to open negotiations to purchase the scalp. This was met with suspicion and with threats.

"Despite the fact that the natives know me as an official of the Hudson's Bay Company, they threatened my life, the lives of the crew and the very safety of the ship for as much as mentioning the name of Colonel Ebey," the captain reported on returning from one of his forays to the north in the hunt for the scalp.

Failure met his endeavours during 1858 and the earlier part of 1859. The strain was great, adding immeasurably to the tenseness that was never absent for a moment while trading in the difficult waterways of the Coast. Now the *Labouchere* was once more paddling from one village to another north of Fort Simpson trading for furs and hunting for a single human scalp.

It was on September 5, after feeling her way through the misty channels and picking up small trade, that the paddles were stopped off Kake village, but only a few old men and women were about. "We learn," it was set down in the journal, "the tribe is absent in various directions on their hunting expeditions. We fired guns to apprise those who may be in the neighborhood of our arrival. During the afternoon several canoes came alongside. They report, having lately visited Victoria, and that four Boston ships were here trading furs. This possibly may be true but we imagine not unknown to the Russian authorities."

For more than two years the search continued while the *Labouchere* traded up and down the coast and Capt. Dodd sought the relic of his friend. As the steamer churned from village to village trading for furs and oil, to the hazards of the misty channels were added the hostility and suspicion of the Indians and inter-tribal warfare. At last the persistence of Captain Dodd was rewarded, for on dropping anchor once again in Kake in 1859, the trading journal of the *Labouchere* records:

"Oct. 8—Shortly after midnight a canoe with three young men came off to the steamer with the scalp of Col[l] Ebey (the unfortunate Gentleman who was shot by the Indians at Whitby Island) to sell to Capt[n] Dodd. After repeated applications by him and a disturbance last year endangering the safety of the Steamer they have succumbed to their characteristic love of property and parted with their highly prized Trophy for the undermentioned articles,

"Six Blankets 1 cotton hdkr[f] 1 fth[m] Cotton
3 pipes 6 Heads of Tobacco.

"They left us on very friendly terms, Capt[n] Dodd impressing on their memory that the American people would be very glad to obtain the scalp and feel less angry at what they had done."

Having secured the prize for which he had so long contested with the savagery, the suspicions, the hatred and superstitions of the wild warriors of the Kake tribe, Captain Dodd did not stay in the neighbourhood of Kake.

And when on January 20, 1860, the Legislature of Washington paid tribute to the gallant captain, it was *Chief Factor* Dodd they saluted. For his years of unremitting service had been recognised, and at the first of the year Governor Douglas informed him that Governor and Committee had approved of his elevation to that coveted rank.

On April 5, 1860, Winfield B. Ebey, brother of the murdered man, wrote in his diary that his friend A. M. Pie had arrived with the scalp and it was buried in the grave with the body.

Captain Dodd did not live long to enjoy his new rank, and the thanks of the Washington Legislature. He was taken ill on the north coast on his next trip, and in May was sent south to obtain medical aid. This did not help him, and he died at Victoria on June 2, 1860. A table of stone was placed over his grave, but the weather of more than ninety years has almost obliterated the epitaph, while hungry ivy has almost smothered the monument. ◆

PREHISTORIC INVASION

by R. S. MacNeish

On one ancient campsite the author found the remains of nine different cultures, of which the first may be as old as any yet found in the New World.

ARCHAEOLOGISTS of the National Museum of Canada are endeavouring to write the history of Canada before the white man came. Basic to this study is the problem of where the Indians originated and just what kind of material culture they had upon arriving in Canada. Anthropologists and archaeologists are in agreement that most Indians originally came from Asia. The physical anthropologists can show that the races of northeastern Siberia and the American Indian are very similar. Linguists say that the language of the Chinese and that of the Athapascan Indians in the northwest are perhaps distantly related. Ethnologists have pointed out that many customs and myths are common to northern Asia and northern North America, while archaeologists can point to a host of tools in Siberia and the New World that are the same. All this information may be considered circumstantial evidence in support of the theory that the Indians are of Asiatic origin.

The first real, definite evidence for an actual migration came in 1948 when archaeologists digging for Eskimo remains on Norton Sound, Alaska, southeast of Bering Strait, uncovered a multitude of complex minute tools 5,000 to 10,000 years old. These tools are very similar to those found by the Russians along the Lena and Kolyma rivers of northeastern Siberia. Slightly before this discovery, the National Museum of Canada, at the suggestion of Dr. Douglas Leechman, began a program of reconnaissance in the Northwest and Yukon Territories. It was logical to assume that any early migrations from Asia to North America would have had to pass through the northwestern part of Canada on their way south. Unfortunately the finding of large sites in the Canadian Northwest was a difficult task due to inadequate transportation facilities and to the size and nature of the terrain—thousands of square miles of mountains, bush, lakes and muskeg.

During the initial years of reconnaissance tantalizing hints of migrations were found here and there. However, in 1954 we finally hit the jackpot. I was fortunate in being in charge of this survey along the arctic coast from the delta of the Mackenzie River to the Alaskan border. The valleys of the Firth, the Babbage and the Rat rivers in this area were passes from the Yukon drainage to the Mackenzie River drainage east of the mountains, and to an area which led southward without great obstacles to any early migration. During this 1954 season, Alex and Frank Stefansson, my wife June, and I operated out of Aklavik. During the survey our base was a whale boat built in Tuktuk. We travelled first 75 miles east to Tuktuk, returned to Aklavik and then headed west 200 miles to the Alaskan border. While in the delta region we spent a good deal of time questioning local Eskimos about locations of archaeological sites. This was quite successful in that they knew of many places where they had seen arrow-heads, spear points, and ancient sod house remains. Furthermore, they often guided us to these places or told Alex where they were.

As we moved westward and Eskimos became more scarce, most of the searching was done on our own and often we walked inland looking for sites.

Through most of July and August we did find sites but they were Eskimo and seemed to have little bearing on the problems of early migrations from Asia into the New World. In the last week of August we often visited Ptarmigan Bay where a 75-year-old Eskimo called Old Roland lives in a small cabin with his family. During one of our stays at Old Roland's he recalled that up the Firth River was a stream named Flint Creek. Local traditions said that Eskimos often went there to get flint to make arrow-heads and knives in olden times. Here was a hint of a possible archaeological site, so Old Roland was hired as a guide.

Before we left I told Alex that we would have to take it easy because probably a trip like this would be pretty strenuous for the old man. Alex grinned and didn't seem too worried. As it turned out, Alex and I had considerable trouble keeping up with Old Roland on the hike. After three days on foot through muskeg, lake, and over the top of a couple of steep hills, we arrived at Flint Creek. A little searching disclosed an area strewn with animal bone and with three small house mounds. But closer investigation revealed that this again was a fairly recent Eskimo site. I must admit that I was a little discouraged. Perhaps my faced showed it because just before we started home,

Dr. MacNeish is an archaeologist with the National Museum of Canada.

Drawing No. 1. Microblades set in the slots of a bone spear foreshaft. Drawings by Ted Ingram

Old Roland had another suggestion. He said that just a little way off our route home, along the Firth River, there was a place where there was a good caribou crossing with a small hill next to it from which one could easily sight caribou on the coastal plain. This again was a likely spot for an ancient camp site and since our season had not been too successful, I agreed to detouring down the Firth.

Shortly after we started, Old Roland pointed to a little plateau at the edge of the river only a couple of miles ahead of us. When we reached it we took off our back-packs and flopped to the ground for a well-deserved rest. After a few minutes, I started to fix my moccasins, which were soaking wet and binding my feet. However, very shortly I forgot my feet for all around me were flint chips and fragments of tools that were most un-Eskimo-looking. Fired by my enthusiasm the three of us began searching the ground. Within a few moments each of us had picked up a number of very small tools similar to those found in Siberia. I must admit that I was excited; but, strangely enough, the others were not. When I asked them, "Have you ever seen anything like these?", they had to admit these were pretty strange tools. Still, they weren't surprised. Finally I could contain myself no longer and asked why they weren't surprised. They then explained that the old Eskimo myths say that the first people of the Arctic were midgets. Obviously these small tools must have been used by those little people.

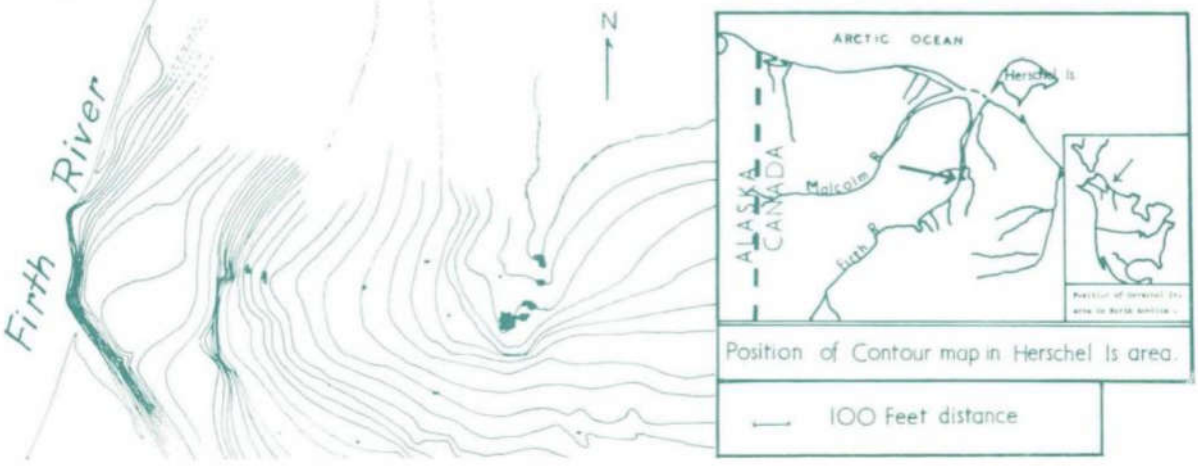
In the summer of 1955 we returned to this site of the "midgets" and spent nine weeks excavating. The site turned out to be even better than I had hoped, because instead of uncovering just one archaeological culture we found the remains of *nine* different cultures, one on top of the other!

The earliest culture, which is represented by ten crude choppers and scrapers, may be as old as any culture complex found so far in the New World. The basis for considering it old is both geological and paleontological. The culture itself is in a sand layer underneath gray clays. Analysis of these gray clays has revealed that they were laid down by the ocean when the water level was over 200 feet higher than at present. Furthermore, associated with the tools was a fragment of buffalo bone the original of which was larger than any of those in our comparative series at the National Museum. It may well have come from some giant extinct bison.

The next culture has an intriguing combination of tools. Half of them are of a sort that is common to many ancient peoples from many places. Another quarter of the tools are distinctive spear points similar to those found in the Great Plains of North America. Archaeologists call these points Plainview and Angostura types. Further south they are often found with extinct animals and have been dated by the "Carbon 14" method as between 6,000 and 10,000 years old. The final quarter of the tools from this culture, which I called Eng-ig-stciak,* are highly specialized slotting gouges and prismatic blades that are typical of early Siberian cultures. These slotting gouges, which archaeologists call burins, are made from flat flakes that have been struck by a single blow against their lower axis, causing a small cookie to be knocked off one corner of the flake (see drawing 2). These tools are considered to have been used for splitting bone or cutting slots in bone (drawing 3). The prismatic blades are even more specialized. These are formed by shaping a core of flint so that it has a series of parallel grooves down one of its longer sides. Then a single blow is struck against the core at a point just above the junction of

*Yukon Eskimo word meaning "Youthful hill."

The spots show where the diggings were made.



parallel grooves. In this manner a prismatic blade flakes off from the core. The blade has a flat under-side, a single ridge down its centre and two sharp lateral edges representing the centre of the two adjacent grooves. These razor-sharp blades are often set into slots in a piece of bone to make a cutting edge (see drawing 1).

The third culture, which I call New Mountain, is composed of a series of "midget" tools. Again burins are found as well as a series of small prismatic blades and retouched burin spalls. Also appearing with this culture are small arrow points, very finely chipped, and small half-moon blades that were set into slotted bone to make cutting edges. The minuteness of these tools may be seen in the accompanying photo, where five are held in my hand. I might add that when I brought the artifacts from Aklavik to Ottawa, most of these tools were carried in a cigarette carton. There were over three hundred of them wrapped in tinfoil in that box.

Following these three earlier cultures, and with a continuing but ever diminishing microlithic industry, were pottery-bearing complexes.

The earliest one had cordmarked pottery that was made by a special method. In making this pottery the aborigines first moulded a rough cup or bowl out of clay. This was placed upside down over one hand and with the other hand the pot was beaten thinner and longer by striking it with a small paddle wrapped with wet cords.

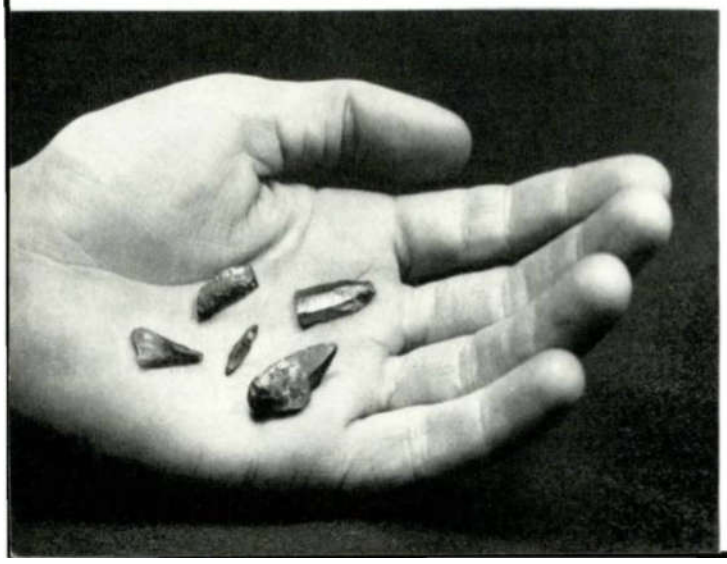
In the next period, pottery was made in a similar manner but the cord impressions were smoothed over once the pot was completed and the teeth of some sort of comb-like object were pressed into the wet surface of the pot. This made a series of lines of small rectangular depressions which are called by professional archaeologists dentate stamps. Since these two kinds of pottery have not been previously found in the Arctic, they are of great interest. However, their real importance is that this sort of pottery is found in southern Canada in Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec and in the Maritimes, and also occurs in northeastern Siberia. Archaeologists have long remarked on the similarity of Siberian pottery and that of the eastern woodlands of North America, and have guessed that there was a connection between these two. The difficulty for this theory was that there was a gap of about 4,000 miles between these areas with no evidence of pottery of this kind. These new finds on the Firth River, exactly half-way between the two areas, lend strong support to the hypothesis of "pottery out of Asia."

The final archaeological complex contains pottery that has been wiped before firing in such a manner as to leave a number of parallel grooves on the exterior of the pots. It is a little like that found with earliest Eskimo remains. However, the other artifacts found with this pottery are not, and include a few micro-blades and a few very crude burins many of which have been ground, rather than chipped. This culture is also lacking in the ground slate tools which seem to be typical of all Eskimo remains.

Overlying all these distinctive earlier cultures are some Eskimo remains. In three different areas in the humus three different kinds of prehistoric Eskimo tools were found. One of these Eskimo complexes has pottery bearing small square depressions in it and is like that found at Bering Strait and dated as about 2,000 years old. The other two kinds of Eskimo remains seem to be much more recent. The most significant difference between these Eskimo remains and the earlier ones is that the Eskimo complexes have tools adapted for living off sea mammals, while the earlier cultures seem to have been used by people who were land hunters.

Our investigations are in no way final. We expect to go back for further excavations this summer. But even after we have completely dug this site, our knowledge concerning the spread of peoples and ideas from Asia to the New World will be inadequate. Many more sites such as this one will have to be excavated before we can make any definite statements about early migrations of peoples into the New World. Nevertheless this site is a clue that will aid in assembling that prehistoric jigsaw puzzle that is Canada's earliest history. ◆

L. to R.: Arrow point, side-blade, engraving tool from burin spall, slotting tool (burin), prismatic microblade for inserting into bone handle.



Making a burin by removing a narrow spall from a flat flake; and using a burin to cut a slot in a spear point.

Mons. MAUGENEST SUGGESTS . . .

A Frenchman was responsible for several innovations in the H B C fur trade, including the celebrated "Point" blankets and copper kettles, and even perhaps the use of inland boats.

by A. M. Johnson

ON July 22, 1779, Thomas Hutchins, Chief at Albany Fort, received some unexpected and unwelcome visitors. Standing orders from London forbade intercourse with trade rivals, so Monsieur Germain Maugenest, Thomas Coats, and the seven Frenchmen making up the party, met with a cool reception.

Theirs was only one of the many rival outfits which were having serious effects on the Company's trade at the Bottom of the Bay. They had wintered on "Sturgeon Lake . . . nigh to the Rainy Lake" and, passing the Company's posts of Gloucester House and Henley House on the Albany River, had come to Albany Fort with beaver to trade and with offers of service. Coats, an Englishman, must have done most of the talking, for Hutchins could speak no French and Maugenest knew only a little English. Coats explained that he did not like to see the Company's trade taken away by French-Canadians and that he had persuaded his master to make voluntary offers of service. Maugenest, disappointed in his dealings with Canadian merchants, had agreed. Hutchins apparently accepted this explanation, but later he had reason to suspect that the real object in coming to Albany had been to arrange to buy supplies annually at Gloucester House and so avoid the long journey to Montreal.

Naturally Maugenest thought his offers to assist Hutchins' men inland, and to help them compete against French rivals, of such obvious advantage to the Hudson's Bay Company that he was surprised when told to depart immediately. He had felt so sure of a welcome at Albany that many promises had been made to the Indians of Sturgeon Lake about the goods he would bring back, and he had even left two men there building another house. Now he and Coats were in a fix. It was too late in the season to go to Montreal and they could not return inland without provisions or clothes for the coming winter. And they could not meet the Indians empty-handed after making so many promises.

Hutchins had threatened to take "disagreeable measures" if the French party did not leave, but he realized that if he did not come to some terms with them these otherwise peaceful men would be made desperate out of necessity. He feared for Gloucester House which had everything the Canadians could wish for, and where only five Company men were stationed. As Hutchins could not obey the standing rule his next thought was to turn "this Affair as much as possible to the Company's Interest." Eventually, it was agreed that enough supplies to carry Coats and the Canadians inland should be traded at the Company's standard for part of Maugenest's beaver, and that one of the Company's men should go with them "to find out the Track and observe their manner of Travelling." Maugenest was to remain at Albany until shiptime. Then he was to go to England to try to come to terms with the London Committee.

Their business dealings over, Hutchins and Maugenest could relax, and within the limitations imposed by one's ignorance of French and the other's slight knowledge of English, they were able to learn something of each other. Using English, Latin and Indian, they made "a tolerable Shift to understand each other." All we know of Maugenest's background comes from Hutchins, who wrote on August 27, 1779:

> "He is a Man of some Family in Old France, but took the Oath of Allegiance to his Majesty, on the Surrender of Montreal where he sustained a great Loss in the dreadful fire that happen'd there some Years ago, he has a Father living and several Brothers, one is a Merchant in Flanders, another lives near Lisle, a third is a Capuchin. He is a Man of Sense, and I believe of Probity by his Actions and Behaviour, he was formerly in the Missipy Trade, but for 9 Years past has been in the Furr Trade, with great success, but by the perfidy of his Partners, and Embezzlement of his Clerks, he finds himself but little better than when he set out. He has a Wife and Daughter at Montreal, and wishes to get them to England, to give the latter a good Education, and said he would willingly leave his family and fortune in the Company's hands, as a security for the faithful discharge of his Duty, in case of being engaged in this Service. . . ."

Maugenest sailed for England in the *Prince Rupert* and on November 24, 1779, within a day or two after landing, "discoursed . . . relative to the Extension of the Companys Trade" with the Board at Hudson's Bay House. The min-

Miss Johnson is the archivist of the Hudson's Bay Company.

utes of the meeting do not give any details—minutes seldom do—but Maugenest must have talked to good purpose, for he "was desired to deliver to the Committee his Proposals of the Terms on which he is inclined to enter into the Companys Service."

The proposals were forthcoming the next day and Maugenest was offered, and accepted, a contract for five years at £100 per annum. In addition he was to have 5s. per score of "Made Beaver upon all the Trade he shall deliver at any of the Companys Factories in Hudsons Bay, and which Trade shall by his Industry be acquired by Travelling Inland at a distance from the said Factories."

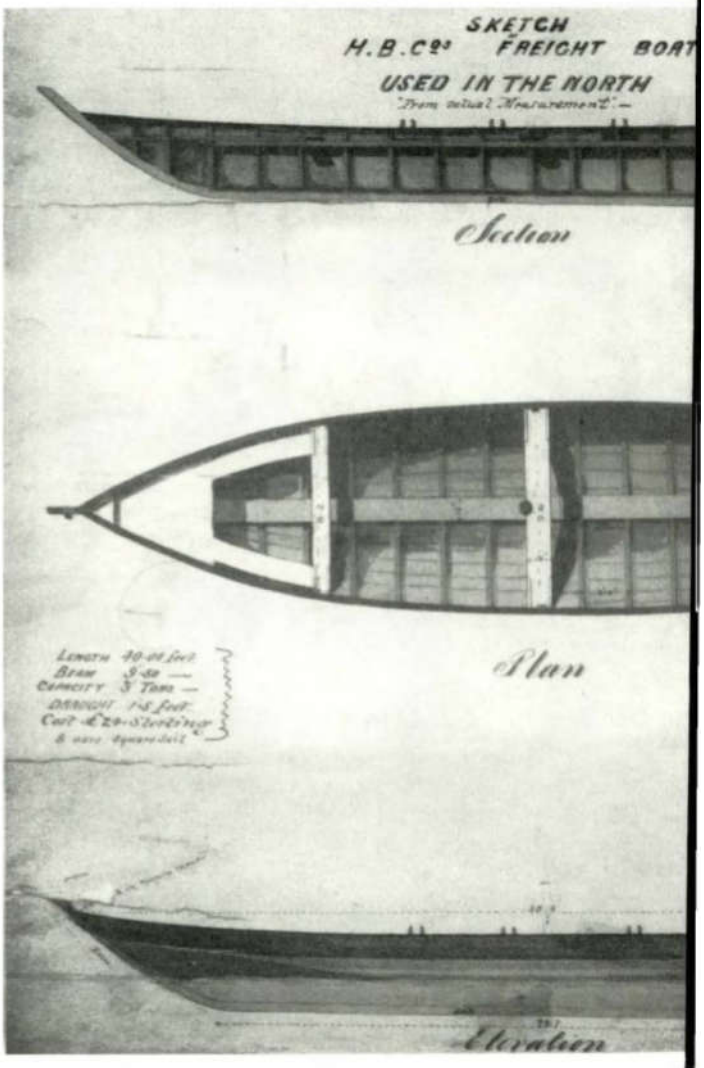
It can be no coincidence that whilst Maugenest was in London enquiries were put in hand for *Pointed* Blankets. Thomas Empson of Witney, Oxfordshire, supplied the Company with blankets and duffels and now, for the first time, he was requested to send samples of *Pointed* Blankets to Hudson's Bay House. By December 23 the samples had been "viewed" by the Committee and an order was given for one hundred pairs of blankets each of 1, 1½, 2, 2½, and 3 points. Delivery was made in the following spring and the blankets were sent to Albany for the inland trade.

It was decided that Maugenest should travel beyond Gloucester House and that Coats, who was to have ten canoes inland to meet Maugenest, should be given a contract for five years at £36 per annum, plus 6d. a score on all the Made Beaver brought to Gloucester House.

Maugenest returned in the *Prince Rupert*, arriving at Albany Fort on September 10, 1780. But, unknown to him, his plans had already miscarried. Food had been scarce enough on the sea coast during 1779-80, but around Sturgeon Lake conditions had been even worse. Coats, the Canadians, and George Sutherland, who had accompanied them, had not all survived the winter. Starvation, accidents and rival interests accounted for some, whilst

Maugenest's bateaux may have been the prototype of the famous York boats, the earliest known diagram of which is this one of 1858. The partly obliterated wording along the stern sweep reads: "Oar used in running rapids."

Public Archives of Canada



Lidded copper kettles, like this one in the Company's museum, were suggested by Maugenest, and came to be used all over the North until some 35 years ago. They are now collectors' items.

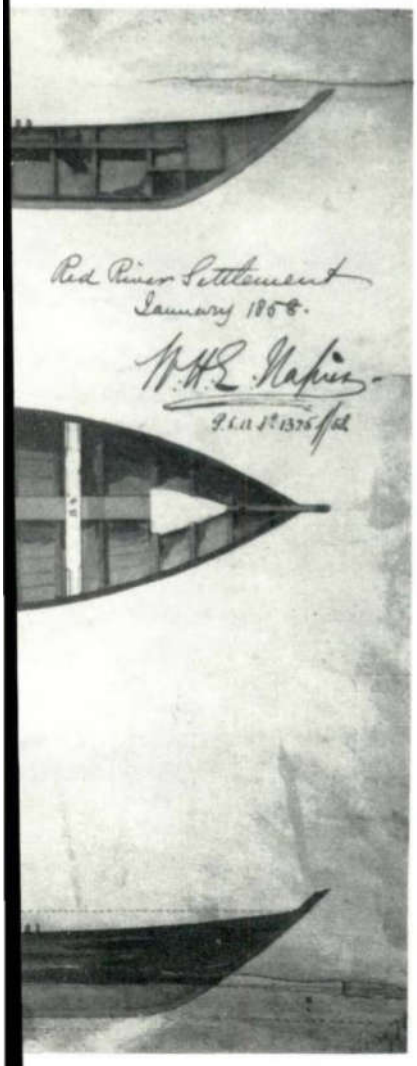
others, including Coats, had returned to Montreal. Sutherland had been brought to Albany in a pitiable condition by Indian women. As a result, the ten promised canoes were not at Gloucester House, and as there were only provisions enough to support the usual complement there, Maugenest had to remain at Albany until May 1781.

A season was thus lost. But it was not a total loss, for Hutchins was able to report to London on May 29, 1781, that he had "profitted much by his [Maugenest's] knowledge and liberal Communication." It was on the Frenchman's recommendation that the next indent listed many trading articles new to the Company, including copper kettles with covers, and it was on his advice that long-tried Canadian methods were eventually adopted to pack the Company's goods destined for inland. Some of the changes recommended were so obviously desirable that it is difficult to understand why the Company's own servants could not have thought of them.

Maugenest told Hutchins that the Canadians' long experience of carrying goods inland had taught them to pay "the nicest attention" to stowage and weight. Hutchins informed the Governor and Committee:

"... The Canadians pack their Provisions without bone in eight-Gallon Rundlets [casks]; ours comes out with all the useless bone ... and in Casks of 42 Gallons which cannot be carried inland. Their cheese is put into wicker baskets just fitted for them, ours comes in Casks, and obliged to be carried quite open: Their bales are covered with light raven duck, or Russia Cloth; ours on the contrary have heavy rotten Canvas, and not a sufficiency of that. They have proper light Sails for their Vessels; I have been obliged to make Sails of Duffle out of the warehouse. The[y] have coverings of Russia Cloth, or raven duck painted, to keep their Goods dry in their Battaux or Canoes, we have nothing at all. ..."

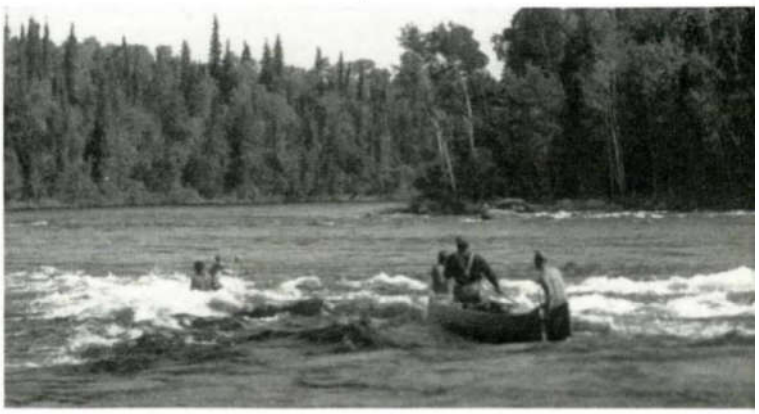
From the first Maugenest had stressed the advisability of the Company penetrating farther and farther inland in order to break the Canadian competition. He had "wonder'd" at the use of small canoes and had said that "Battaux would take more Goods with less Trouble, fewer



As an article of trade the Hudson's Bay "Point" blanket has been known for 130 years from coast to coast. This Haida woman of the 1880's grew old with them.

Plains Indians wore the H B blankets instead of buffalo robes or made up into garments, as modelled by these Indians of 1887. Note the "points" at the bottom, originally denoting the exchange value in beaver skins.
W. Hanson Boorne

Modern canoeists on the Albany find the going as rough as did Maugenest's men.
Martin Bovey



Men, and more safety." But Hutchins, ready enough to adopt what at first sight appears to be a complete innovation, was not prepared to go the whole way and have his bateaux of the recommended measurements of 32 feet long and 7 feet broad. In 1779 he was content to ask the Governor and Committee for "two of less dimentions to serve for a beginning" until his men could learn to manage them. Only one was received, but in addition, four bateaux were built at Albany itself during 1780-81. The exact measurements are not known, but the records show that "poplar Crooks for Timbers" were collected and bateaux capable of carrying about forty 8-gallon runlets each, and not drawing more than 13 inches of water when loaded, were built. Hutchins was full of enthusiasm and told the Governor and Committee that in future he would require only nails and oars from England.

Inland transport had been a problem ever since the establishment of Henley House in 1743. On September 16, 1745, Joseph Isbister had lamented in the Albany journal that there was no end to building canoes; which were broken and useless after one trip, due to the unskilfulness of the Company's servants. He was, therefore, going to try to build a boat which would draw as little water as a canoe, but would carry more goods. The history of transport on Albany River between that time and 1779 has still to be studied in detail, but it is certain that boats were in use before Maugenest's appearance at Albany. There is evidence, both published and unpublished, to prove it. The exact difference between the Company's "boats" and Maugenest's "bateaux" has yet to be discovered.

On May 29, 1781, a day of "Rain, Sleet and Much Snow," Maugenest left Albany Fort for inland, carrying as a safeguard against interference from the Pedlars, a commission from Hutchins appointing him the Company's factor beyond Gloucester House. He was accompanied by 30 men and 9 Indians. Twelve, including his assistant John Best, were to go with him beyond Gloucester House. The party travelled in three large "Henley" boats* and two bateaux which had been built at Albany. Two inland-built bateaux were to join the party en route. Maugenest had a difficult task ahead. He had recommended bateaux, but he had yet to prove that they were suitable for inland transport. Hutchins had last-moment doubts and expressed them in the "Abstract" of his journal. If the bateaux proved unsuitable then the plan of pushing beyond Gloucester House would be rendered useless. Large canoes were out of the question as the birch trees of the country were too small for the purpose, and in any case the Indians could build only small canoes.

A new method of transport was not Maugenest's only problem. He had, perhaps, an even greater difficulty to overcome—that of national prejudice. Hutchins respected and trusted Maugenest, but he had few other well-wishers. "The people," wrote Hutchins, "having no merit themselves cannot discern his, and think it an hardship to be commanded by a Frenchman." The London Committee had warned Hutchins to choose trustworthy men to accompany Maugenest for they had had experience of deserting Canadians in the past. John Best, a loyal and energetic servant, was later to complain of his leader and to accuse him of obstructing the expedition. How far Best was swayed by national prejudice and how far by ambition

*Built for freighting between Albany and Henley House, and possibly the result of Isbister's experiments.

An Indian woman swathed in a blanket, portages her copper kettle on her back. From a water colour by Peter Rindisbacher in the West Point museum, depicting a scene on the Hayes River in 1821.

to lead it himself is hard to say, but certainly the credit for eventually making the first settlement beyond Gloucester House belongs to him.

Apart from having a Frenchman for a leader, the men were averse anyway to going inland above Gloucester House. George Sutherland's diet of dogs, mice, leather breeches, shoes, and mittens during the winter of 1779-80, and his consequent wretched condition on his return to Albany, had scared them. For the most part they would sooner "go on board a man of War and die at once, than suffer a lingering Death inland." It was all very well for the London Committee to write to Hutchins: "it will be disgraceful to Our Servants that the Pedlers should proceed Inland and procure the Trade which the Sloth of the Servants of this Company leave for them," but the so-called slothful servants marched on their stomachs no less than any army, and it was not very often that the unpredictable supply of country provisions was enough to eke out comfortably the supplies brought from England.

Trouble soon overtook Maugenest. Three servants refused to go beyond Henley House and, owing to the awkwardness of the men, the bateaux proved difficult to manage. One laden bateau was lost and as only 126 lbs. of the 1,134 lbs. of gunpowder it had contained was recovered, Maugenest's expedition had to be postponed for another year and he and his men passed the season 1781-82 with John Kipling at Gloucester House. Apparently "the nicest attention" to stowage did not entirely exclude the placing of all eggs in one basket.

The experiences on the journey from Albany to Gloucester House discouraged Maugenest. He complained that he would not be able to get further inland with the Company's servants. He contrasted them unfavourably with Canadians, who were brought up to the hardships of inland travel. The London Committee appear to have told him that their servants would, if necessary, "live on raw Oatmeal and water," but instead they had taken warning from George Sutherland's experiences, and were insisting on having eight months' provisions in hand before beginning a journey. For unlike Canadians, they would not live on fish.

A new outfit was prepared and sent to Gloucester in the spring of 1782, and Maugenest expressed his willingness to make another attempt to get farther inland. But later he changed his mind saying that the water was too low that season for taking bateaux inland. And so the project was postponed for a third time. Maugenest said that the Company's servants were getting better at managing bateaux, but that they could not manage canoes, which he was by now convinced were the only vessels fit for inland travel.

Maugenest was back at Albany in August 1782. He tried to obtain the charge of Gloucester House, but Hutchins justly left the management of that post to the man who had established it and had run it successfully ever since. Perhaps in a fit of temper, perhaps in a mood of frustration, Maugenest expressed his intention of going to Canada at the end of his contract, and then returning in order to compete with the Company's trade above Gloucester House. Now it became policy to keep Maugenest away from the Indians over whom he had any influence.

Hutchins returned to England in the autumn of 1782, and it was no doubt on his advice that Maugenest, after spending season 1782-83 at Albany Fort, was removed to Moose Fort.

Maugenest did in fact renew his contract and the remainder of his service was spent at Moose Fort and at posts inland from Moose. As the years passed he grew dissatisfied and his relations with the Company's servants became no easier. They "would not observe a frenchman (that can scarcely talk English enough to be understood) or pay that respect to his directions as they would to an Englishman." And the Governor and Committee also grew dissatisfied, for they were paying him a high salary and he had accomplished no long, profitable inland journeys.

After a period of ill health he requested and obtained permission to go to London. He sailed from Moose Fort in the *King George* in the autumn of 1792 but, on November 10, within a few days of arriving in London, he died.

Although he failed to make the journey inland, Maugenest's contribution to the Company was considerable. The bateaux, the Point blankets, the lidded copper kettles, and other new trading goods, and the Canadian methods of packing, all aided the advance westwards which was slowly but surely continued long after memories of the Frenchman, Hutchins, and their contemporaries were dimmed or forgotten. ◆

SUMMER PACKET

Manitou Baa

For many years there has been a difference of opinion as to the meaning and pronunciation of the word *Manitoba*. To quote Armstrong's *Place Names in Canada* (Macmillans 1930), "Two explanations of this Indian word are given. One derives it from the Cree *manito-wapow* or the Objibway [sic] *manito-baw* meaning 'the strait of the manito or spirit' . . . The other . . . from the Assiniboine or Sioux *min[n]e* meaning 'water' and *toba* meaning 'prairie'." And it is pointed out that La Vérendrye called Lake Manitoba *Lac des Prairies*.

The meaning of the word is pretty well established, however, by two early 19th-century references: In John McLeod's unpublished diary of 1814, he writes that he was sent from the Red River Settlement towards "Manitou Baa"; and on the map we published on page 22 of the spring *Beaver*, that lake is shown as "Manito Boh." It should be pointed out, however, that the word Manito is pronounced with the accent on the last syllable, rather than the first, so that the common pronunciation of the lake's name is virtually correct. Our Ojibway expert, incidentally, says he has never come across any word resembling *baw* and meaning a narrows or strait. And our Sioux expert (who is also our Cree expert) points out that the Sioux word for prairie is *tingta*—not *toba*.

The Cree name comes from an island in the strait half way up the lake. To quote Henry Y. Hind's *Assiniboine and Saskatchewan Expedition of 1858*: "The origin of this superstition in relation to Manitobah Island is due to the sounds produced by the waves as they beat upon the beach at the foot of the cliffs near its northern extremity. During the night time, when a gentle breeze is blowing from the north, the various sounds heard on the island are quite sufficient to strike awe into the minds of the superstitious Indians. These sounds frequently resemble the ringing of distant church bells; so close, indeed, is this resemblance, that several times during the night I woke with the impression that I was listening to chimes. When the breeze subsided, and the waves played gently on the beach, a low wailing sound would be heard."

No wonder the Indians found it slightly supernatural.

H.E. at Tuk

During the latter part of March, the Canadian newspapers carried a series of stories on the Governor-General's visit to certain arctic stations, the highlight of which was a flight over the North Pole. Mr. Massey called in turn at Great Whale River, Frobisher Bay, Hall Lake on Melville Peninsula, the Pole, Cambridge Bay, Tuktuyaktok, Aklavik and Whitehorse, Y.T.

At comparatively large centres like Frobisher and Cambridge Bay there was a good deal of official visiting—though at the latter place the celebrated visitor did go fishing through the ice, and was given a dog-sled ride into the teeth of a wind at 46° below. But at little Tuk (for short) his visit was quite intimate and informal. The only white establishments to be found there are the R.C.M.P., the two missions, the most northerly school in Canada, and the Hudson's Bay Company post, where His Excellency took up his residence.

In the afternoon of the first day he met the local Eskimos in the school and presented badges to the Eskimo Girl Guides and Brownies. In the evening a reception was held at the post manager's dwelling, attended by the visitors and the white residents—18 in all. Next day he visited the two missions and was met by Rev. Thomas Umoak, the only ordained Eskimo priest in Canada.

On March 30 when he boarded the plane for Aklavik, the red H B C ensign went back to the top of the flagstaff which for three days had proudly flaunted the Governor-General's own standard.

At Whitehorse Mr. Massey dedicated a new bridge over the Yukon River, naming it the Robert Campbell bridge after the dauntless Yukon explorer who was the first white man on the upper Yukon.

Kigiak

It seems we made a mistake in spelling the Eskimo word for beaver on the cover of the last issue. Instead of *Keekeeyak* we had *Keekeeyik*. But upon inquiring from five experts what we *should* have had, we got four different answers. The two who agreed pointed out that the second syllable should be pronounced *gee*, and the third *ahk*. So our first syllable is right, the second should have a hook instead of a loop, and the third should be a triangle with its apex pointing left. As simple as that.

Coats-of-Arms

For some years all ten provinces of Canada have had their own escutcheons, and some of them—B.C., Ont., N.S., and Nfld.—have had their full-panoplied coats-of-arms with crest and supporters. Now the Queen has granted to the Northwest Territories and the Yukon their own shields and crests, which are reproduced here.

For the N.W.T. the blazon or heraldic description reads:

Arms: Per bend wavy Gules and Vert Billety Or in sinister chief the Mask of an arctic Fox Argent on a Chief indented also Argent a Barrulet wavy Azure.

Crest: On a Wreath Argent and Gules
A compass Rose proper between two Narwhals haurient and addorsed Or.

This means that the lower left hand part of the shield has gold billets (bricks) on a green field (the wooded area) and is divided by a wavy line (the tree line) from the lower right which carries a white fox head on a red field (the tundra). Above that is a wavy blue line crossing a field of white (the Northwest Passage running through the ice.) In the crest the compass rose stands for the magnetic pole, while the haurient, addorsed (rising back-to-back) narwhals are truly heraldic rather than naturalistic in design.

The crest of the Yukon Territory, on the other hand, is quite naturalistic. Here the blazon reads:

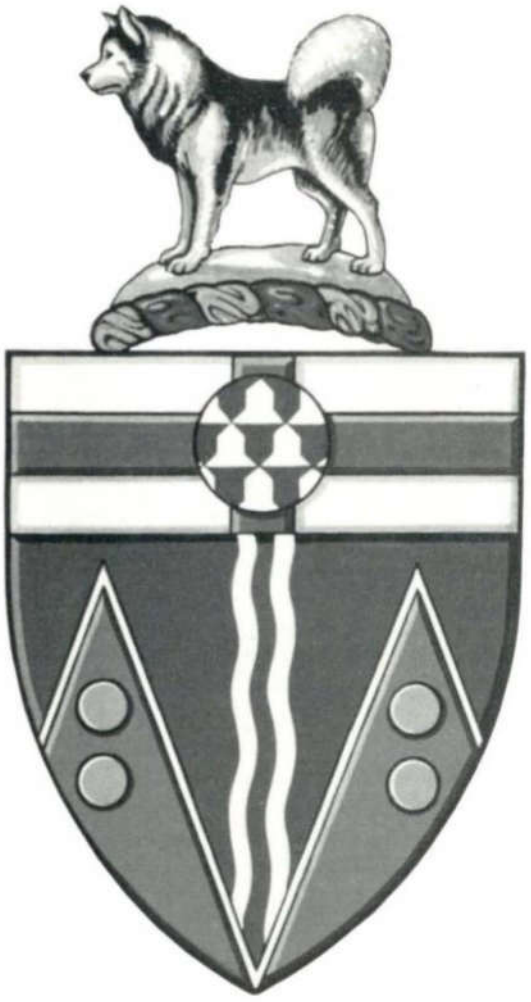
Arms: Azure on a Pallet wavy Argent a like Pallet of the field issuant from base two Piles reversed Gules edged also Argent each charged with two Bezants in pale on a Chief Argent a Cross Gules surmounted of a Roundel Vair

Crest: On a Wreath Or and Gules
A Husky Dog standing on a Mount of Snow proper.

The "Roundel Vair" simply means a circle of heraldic fur. One feels that the mediaeval heralds could have done better than this in choosing a design representing fur, but there it is. Our dictionary describes it well as "small shield-shaped figures alternately azure and argent." The circles in the red pyramids are bezants or gold coins, representing the gold in the mountains. The wavy line is of course the Yukon River.

Armorial bearings of the Northwest Territories.

Armorial bearings of the Yukon Territories.



NORTHERN BOOKS

NORTHERN TRADER, by H. S. M. Kemp. The Ryerson Press, Toronto. 253 pages. $3.50.

Reviewed by R. B. Horsefield

THIS is a book that greatly needed to be written. In the last thirty years the mode of life in the nearer North—the bush country of Saskatchewan, with the southern edge of the Precambrian shield—has changed utterly. We are already in danger of forgetting what life was like there before the coming of the radio, the bombardier and the aircraft.

Mr. Kemp has set down in plain but vivid language an account of that life as he, his wife and their children lived it. There is no attempt to embroider the tale or to magnify either the pleasures or the dangers of the life. Those of us who have lived under those conditions, will find this book rings true on every page. Louis Jourdain of Prince Albert, Alex Ahenakew at Lac la Ronge, Thomas Cook at Stanley, Baptiste Sahys at Cumberland (and "Bill" and "George," whose surnames are prudently concealed, but whose identity will be known to those who lived there), all these live again and walk through these pages in their proper persons, with many another actual person.

It is pleasant to read a book by a trader that treats the missionaries as honest people. Grand old Father Egenolf at Brochet, Archdeacon Paul, but recently retired from Prince Albert, and Robert Hunt, who built Stanley church more than a century ago, are recognised as truly great men doing a valuable work.

The author got to know his Indians well, and writes of them with the same unvarnished truthfulness. They appear neither as the "Noble Red Men" of the movies, nor as the debased slum-dwellers of some fiction, but as human beings with their own dignities and their own faults. He has a good appreciation of the Cree language and uses it judiciously, adding to the realism of his narrative, but not annoying the reader unfamiliar with that tongue. There are almost no errors in the printing of the Cree. (The name for Stanley, on page 125, should begin with an A rather than an O.) There are two errors of fact in the book, but the author does not commit himself to either one. He says that the York boats built in Prince Albert in 1911 were "perhaps" the last ever turned out, and he attributes to Jack Reid a theory that the Chipewyans crossed into Canada from Asia by the Bering Strait, "while the Crees worked up from the south." Although he says that he has heard Navaho spoken, oddly enough our author seems to have missed the interesting point that that language is akin to Chipewyan. These are trifles; they need not detract from the enjoyment of this book.

Everyone who has visited or worked in northern Saskatchewan in the past half century will want one copy of this book for himself, to dip into again and again to refresh his recollections, and several copies to give to friends "outside" whom he has never been able to get to visualise his life there. Perhaps this admirable account will do the trick. And every school library in Canada should have a copy. But before you present the book, throw away the dust jacket; for a more ludicrously erroneous jacket was never dreamed up.

Archdeacon Horsefield of Flin Flon has had many years experience among the Crees of northern Saskatchewan and Manitoba, and is an authority on their language.

THE COLUMBIA, by Stewart H. Holbrook. Clarke Irwin, Toronto, Rinehart & Co., New York, 1956. 393 pages. $5.00.

Reviewed by W. Kaye Lamb

THIS lively and interesting book—the 50th volume in the well known *Rivers of America* series—reviews the history of the Columbia River from the day in May of 1792 when its discoverer, Captain Robert Gray, entered its mouth in the ship *Columbia*, until the present. Like that of its northern neighbour, the Fraser, the history of the Columbia centred for many years about three great staple products—fur, fish and lumber. Both rivers have seen the same evolution in transportation, beginning with a colourful era of sternwheel steamers, followed by the con-

Dr. Lamb, formerly B.C. Provincial Archivist, is now Dominion Archivist.

struction of railways that followed the river valleys to the sea, and concluding with the building of modern highways. Unlike the Fraser, the Columbia has never been the scene of a major gold rush; but electric power—a new staple product—is now being generated in the Columbia valley upon a scale not yet distantly approached on the Fraser.

Mr. Holbrook has known the Columbia for 35 years, and he writes with authority as well as zest about the things he himself has seen and experienced. His accounts of lumbering, fishing and latter-day steamboating are excellent. So is his chronicle of the vast construction program that is producing a whole series of power dams. Over and over again the waters of the Columbia are being harnessed to generate electricity, and one by one the roaring rapids around which fur-traders were compelled to portage, and steamers had to by-pass in canals, are either being drained dry by the dams or are disappearing in the depths of the reservoirs behind them.

As yet the dams are confined to the 745 miles of the river that flow through the United States, but the turn of the 465 miles in Canada is clearly coming. Meanwhile the upper reaches of the river remain in a relatively primitive state. Trail, with its great smelter and chemical plants is the only really large-scale development on the Columbia in Canada.

The first third of the book is less satisfactory than the later portions. The author has made a valiant effort to master the story of the fur trade, but these chapters are marred by a good many slips and omissions. For example: Alexander Mackenzie did not have to cross the Rockies to explore the river that bears his name (p. 39); there is a mix-up of dates in the account of David Thompson's descent of the river in 1811 (pp. 44, 54); John Jewitt's name is wrongly spelled "Jewett" (p. 51); Dr. McLoughlin did not study medicine in Scotland (p. 66), nor was James Douglas Governor of Vancouver Island in 1849 (p. 91) The steamer *Beaver*, which left the Columbia in 1836 never to return, is pictured on p. 96 with the upperworks that were added when she was being refitted for use as a hydrographic survey ship in 1863. More serious is the lack of any adequate outline of what may be termed the grand strategy of the Hudson's Bay Company in Old Oregon. Perhaps the reason for this lies in the fact that neither Douglas MacKay's *The Honourable Company*, nor Merk's *Fur Trade and Empire*, nor any of the five volumes published by the Hudson's Bay Record Society that relate directly to the Columbia Department appears in the bibliography.

But these are points that will matter chiefly to the specialist. The general reader will find in this volume a most interesting and colourful account of the great river of the West.

FLYING BISHOP. Fifty Years in the Canadian Far North, by Mgr. Gabriel Breynat. A translation by A. Gordon Smith of "Eveque Volant." Palm Publishers, Montreal. 228 pages. $4.50.

Reviewed by George M. Douglas

BISHOP Breynat, O.M.I., has written a book of great historical importance and also of much interest to the general reader. It covers a span of fifty years, a period of rapid change in the great world and to an even greater degree in the Far North of Canada. Amid that change the Missions of the Oblat Marie Immaculata have stood firm, steadfast and unfailing in their purpose of contributing to the spiritual and material welfare of the Indians of the Northwest Territories.

Bishop Breynat has written his own introduction to his book, and very good it is. The first part of it, he points out, tells of life among the Caribou Eaters at the east end of Lake Athabasca, where, he says: "I set my hand to the oar, whip, or axe, or to the handle of a frying pan far more often than I did to a pen." The other two tell about the development of the Catholic missions in the Mackenzie River regions and among the Eskimos of the arctic coast.

Gabriel Breynat was born at St. Vallier on the Rhone on Oct. 6, 1867. His first experience of northern travel began with the journey from Edmonton to Athabasca Landing. It was May 1892, and the road had been opened only a few years by the Hudson's Bay Company. They took five days to reach Athabasca Landing and from here continued their journey by scows. Bishop Breynat's description is delightful, one of the best of the many accounts of this journey.

The Nativity Mission at Fort Chipewyan was his first experience of northern Indians, and it is at this point that the book becomes of greatest interest to the general reader. He says of his life in the North that he found most pleasure in visiting the Indians in their lodges, and he describes their life in vivid detail. Bishop Breynat was gifted with a fine sense of humour, and has many amusing stories to tell of the Indians which show how well he understood their language and their mentality. The Bishop also tells of their own hard life at Fond du Lac where he and his lay assistants built their house and chapel, mudding the walls, setting their nets under the ice, and taking the fish out of them, the latter operations requiring a great deal of skill.

The development of the aeroplane has not lessened the occasions for self sacrifice among the missionaries of which the Bishop gives many instances in his apostolic travels, and his journeys by air were tiring and sometimes no less hazardous than when as a priest he drove his own dog team. He gives due credit (and how well it is deserved!) to the pilots of the early days of air travel, especially to such famous bush pilots as "Punch" Dickins, Matt Berry and

Mr. Douglas knew the Mackenzie country in Bishop Breynat's day.

to Louis Bisson the pilot of the Mission's own plane. But the Bishop says truly that there is no merit in being carried swiftly in the warmth and comfort of a plane. He had earned his sobriquet of "The Flying Bishop" for his speed of travel *before* the arrival of planes in the North.

I saw him once leaving Fort Resolution on the H B C schooner *Fort Rae* bound for the mission at that post. It was early in the season, much ice was still in the lake and it was therefore bitterly cold. There was no saying how long the voyage might last. The schooner was fully loaded, above and below deck. The only accommodation for the Bishop was a small recess in the deck load of cases containing gasoline. He sat there cheerfully without a sign of impatience on his benign face, a fitting niche for a northern saint.

WILD AMERICA, by Roger Tory Peterson and James Fisher, illustrated by R. T. Peterson. Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston 1955. 450 pages. Price in U. S. $5.00.

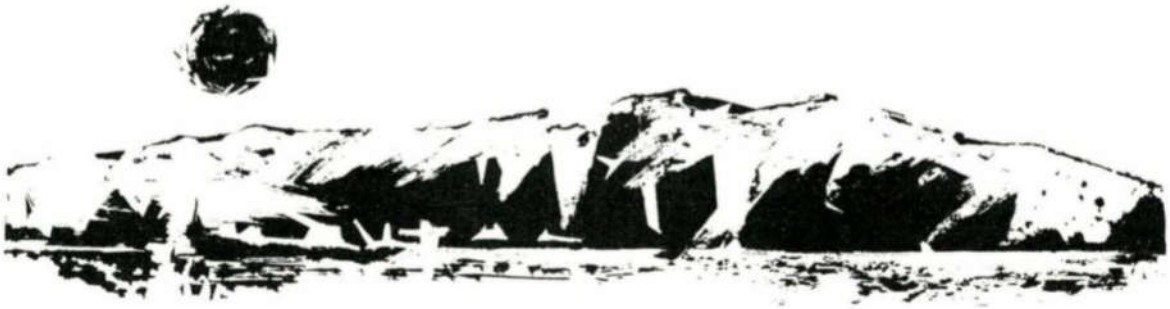
Reviewed by Clarence Tillenius

ORNITHOLOGISTS are a breed apart. Fully to understand them, one must have been bitten by the bug. To the uninitiate, the verbal shorthand that passes for conversation where a group of these dedicates are congregated, is laced with phrases like "mutual symbiosis," "zones of influence," "vegetational niche," "biotopes," and so on. It is understandable, therefore, that the reader approaches a book by not one, but two, eminent ornithologists, with a certain amount of trepidation.

However, a book enabling the reader to participate vicariously in a 30,000-mile trip made by two such ornithologists as Roger Tory Peterson, bird artist and author of the famous *Guides*, and the writer and ornithologist James Fisher of Britain, could not be picked up with other than great anticipation. Nevertheless when I put it down, magnificent though the trip had been, expertly described as were the wonders they saw, I could not suppress a feeling akin to disappointment. Some time passed before I was able to analyze this—and in the meantime I had read the book again. Gradually the feeling defined itself. On the dust jacket appears part of the publisher's statement ". . . not even John James Audubon in all his lifetime covered as much of North American wilderness as did Roger Tory Peterson and his distinguished colleague James Fisher in 100 adventurous days." The question is inevitable: "Why all the rush?" Perhaps the best clue to the nature of the expedition comes in James Fisher's own words on page 250: "I was gradually beginning to realize the planning and care and experience behind Roger's conducted tour of North America; scarcely a mile was wasted. Our apparently casual stop in these pine lands of Arizona had, I suspected, been contrived, quite deliberately, at Roger's desk in Maryland the previous winter."

It was the sense of breathless hurry, of split second timing, of a schedule to be adhered to at all costs—never having an extra hour to linger with the sometimes magnificent, sometimes intimate landscape and its wild inhabitants, the constant tension lest a minute be wasted, which brought this uneasy sensation that all was not well. The exact feeling is given by Frederick Philip Grove in his autobiography *In Search of Myself*, where he quotes Goethe: "I have merely rushed through the world."

This is, of course, not fair to *Wild America*. But the reviewer came to it just after re-reading Gilbert White's *The Natural History of Selborne*, and the contrasts between the two approaches to nature are so violent that calm judgment is temporarily obscured. This was the reviewer's misfortune. The reader who approaches *Wild America* with an open mind will find it a sort of super guide book to some of the most interesting spots on the continent—a journey undertaken by two world famed, keen and impressionable naturalists who document for you what you may expect to see (though they probably saw and heard more than any less skilled observers could hope to do). Moreover, every spot they chose for a stopover would justify any interested naturalist in making it the sole object of his pilgrimage. The book is illustrated lavishly by Peterson's black and white drawings, a major undertaking in itself.



Mr. Tillenius, wildlife artist, is well known to "Beaver" readers.

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